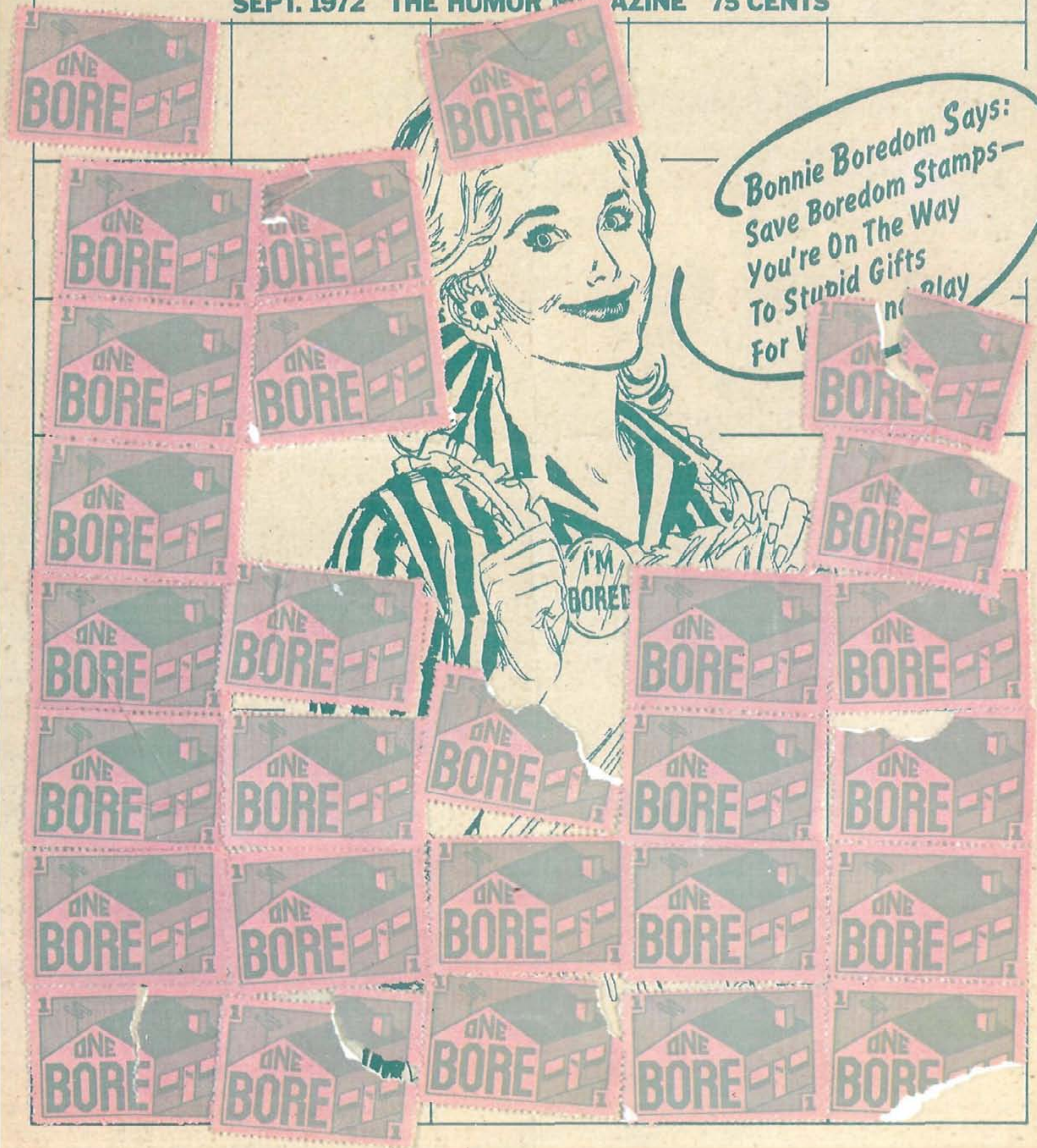
The Wide World of Meat National Geographic Parody
George Sanders Memorial Boredom Awards

NATIONAL LAMPOON

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SEPT. 1972 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS



If you're going to steal an idea, steal from the best.



"When the Citation components were in their final design phases we had the rare opportunity to see some of the first engineering prototypes and we have never quite gotten over the dedication and enthusiasm exhibited by the highly qualified engineering team that 'gave birth' to those winners. Small wonder, then, that we were elated to find that the Model 930 receiver is the brain-child of that very team. It abounds in Citation features, many of which one would have thought impossible to incorporate in a receiver at this attractive price. Of course, the Citation 12 boasts more power (60 watt rms per channel), but then again the [Citation 11 preamplifier and the Citation 12 power amplifier] combination retails for a cool $600.00 or so, as opposed to just under $400.00 for this receiver. The rest of the circuit refinements are there, though, including the twin power supplies (not negative and positive voltages supplied by one power transformer, but actually two complete power supplies including two separate power transformers), super-wide frequency response and power bandwidth, fantastic square wave response and rise time, and conservative and meaningful power ratings that can serve as a model to the rest of the industry. All this plus a superior tuner section make the 930 a receiver that even the died-in-the- wool 'separatists' should take a good look at."

Audio Magazine, June, 1972

FOR THE COMPLETE REVIEW OF THE 930 AND FURTHER INFORMATION ON THE HARMAN/KARDON LINE, WRITE: HARMAN/KARDON, INC., COMMUNICATIONS DEPT., 55 AMES COURT, PLAINVIEW, NEW YORK 11803.

Distributed in Canada by Harman/Kardon of Canada, Ltd., 9429 Cote de Liesse Rd., Montreal 760, Quebec.

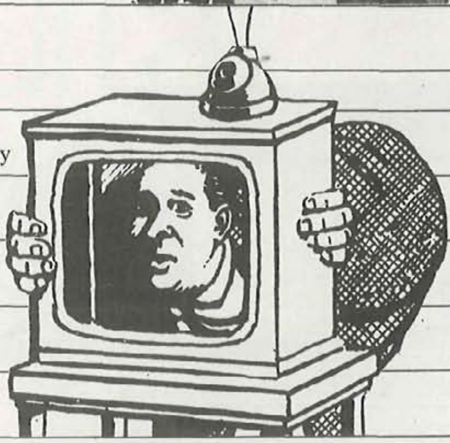
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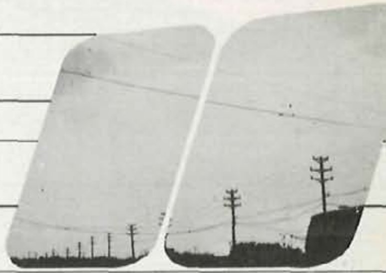
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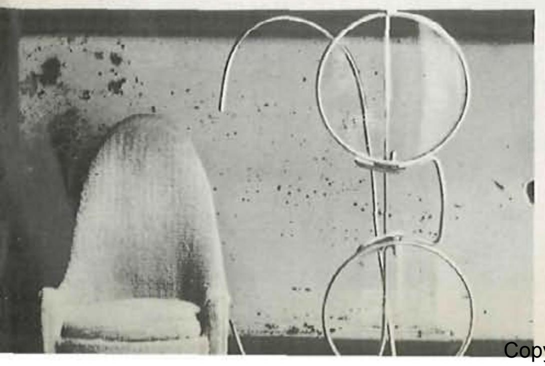






cover by Michael Doret

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Stereo Warehouse was created and is run by young people who are well informed and straight forward about what's coming off in the world of audio. Send for our free catalog and you'll quickly find that we offer only name-brand, top-notch stereo components and music systems at remarkable savings. On the basis of practical experience, and on the findings of our own thorough testing and evaluation program, we have matched the right components to produce compatible, *good-sounding systems.* We offer single components and complete systems in all price ranges. In essence, we have offered an alternative to those who are dissatisfied with the service, selection and price of local retail stereo outlets. We're deeply involved in music and we dig what we're doing. Call — we'll be glad to rap with you on the phone, and all letters are personally answered.

Here we offer a system comprised of the new Harman/Kardon 630 AM/FM stereo receiver, the Garrard SL-72B changer (complete with base, dustcover and Shure M91E cartridge) and a pair of Pioneer CS-E400 speakers. The total retail price of this system is over $630, but we offer it for only $449, complete with all connecting cables and 50′ of speaker wire. Sales tax only if you live in California. Substitutions possible.

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by Randall Enos

EDITORIAL PAGE

We just want to take a second or two of our not altogether worthless time to tell you that what is all around you *isn't* love, and that it isn't the presence of one all-encompassing life-giving cosmic soul, either. We want to tell you that what is around you EVERYWHERE, ALL THE TIME is boredom, lots of it, and we think it's about time you began to face it. No doubt you already have some stunted, slightly shopworn definition of boredom you use to deal with such obvious manifestations of the Boredom Presence as sermons and waiting for the ski lift. We're here to tell you that you've just begun.

Let's turn our attention to bridal showers for a moment. Are you one of the four out of five Americans who are willing to admit in public that they find bridal showers wearisome? If you are, you have gotten to Consciousness I—*an understanding of* Traditional Boredom. Well, then, what about campaigning for McGovern, Marian Anderson, Pepperidge Farm, educational television, and Esalen therapy? Ah then, you have reached Consciousness II—an understanding of Liberal Boredom.

If you, Mr. Average Hip Reader, have had no problems so far, wait. What about self-criticism sessions and Grateful Dead concerts? What about organic vitamins, Yoko Ono, the *I Ching*? Have you reached Consciousness III? Have you expanded your awareness of boredom to include these supremely tedious items? TEDIUM IS THE MESSAGE. Face it, isn't Granola EVERY BIT AS DULL as Shredded Wheat? If you're beginning to get the point, if, for instance, you're beginning to look at Father Dan Berrigan and South American earthquakes with new eyes, take this simple level-of-boredom-consciousness test. Go quietly right now, into any convenient closet, and ask yourself if you REALLY WOULDN'T RATHER be there in your comfortable closet than freaking out at Woodstock with Jimi and the Airplane. Aha. Just as we thought.

If, after reading this issue, you find *it a little hard to go back to your* tedious macrame, or your tedious Multi-Media in the Third World Studies program, or your tedious girl friend, we'll feel our job has been well-done. And yes, let us anticipate your final question. In fact, there *are* antidotes to boredom: you may, after reading the issue, for instance, want to go blind for the sake of developing a marvelous sense of touch.—GT

Cover: This month's cover was developed by Michael Doret and Charles White III. Mike and Charlie (both have a great sense of humor, by the way) have been partners for years, and have been in and out of just about everything. They began on Seventh Avenue designing table linens, tried marketing Hearts of Palm Frozen Pie in the ghetto, and last year had a VISTA grant to teach junkies how to dance. We stole them away from a prominent massage parlor and set them to work. □

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What Does Saturday Review?

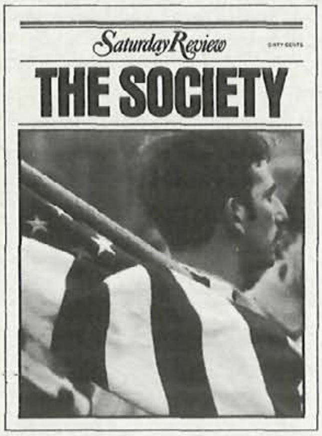
The editors of Saturday Review proudly announce a new monthly magazine devoted to The Society.

The editors of Saturday Review have taken a hard look at your conversation.

And they've come up with a very interesting statistic.

Over 85% of what you talk about has to do with the current turmoil in society.

Politics. Leisure. Labor unions. Welfare. The military. Our economy. Business. Government. Jobs. Old age. Ecology. Our youth. Power. Television. Freedom. War.



Communications. Politics. Unions.

Newspapers and television do cover these topics, and that's why they're conversation pieces.

But even the newspapers can't cover these subjects in depth.

Deadlines won't permit it.

Yet the need for coverage in depth is obvious.

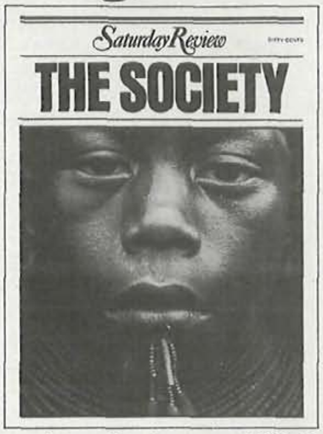
So we've created a new magazine to do the job.

It's a monthly, so that we can have the luxury of research, re-examination, and reflection.

The result is articles that are meaty enough to give you something to talk about for a month. And think about for a lot longer.

The new magazine is called Saturday Review-The Society.

In a way, it is an invaluable, practical aid in coping with and surviving in a society that is changing around us at a future-shock pace.



Advertising. Environment. Welfare.

Its main fare will be things you don't get to read about in the newspapers.

— Like how the old political art of the gerrymander has found a new and dangerous tool—the computer.

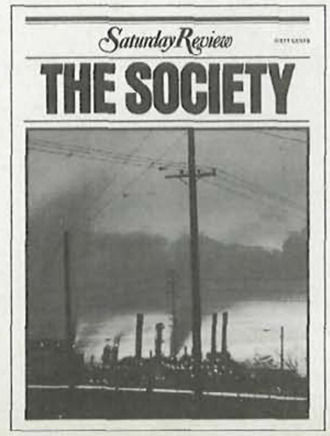
— How welfare programs are starting to be measured on "performance and evaluation review technique" charts.

— How a bounty system is helping to clean up the turgid waters of the Hudson River.

— Why America's $135 billion pension system is in serious trouble.

— The 5,000 lobbyists who work fulltime at influencing governmental actions and decisions in favor of their clients.

— The meaning of the Jesus Freaks.



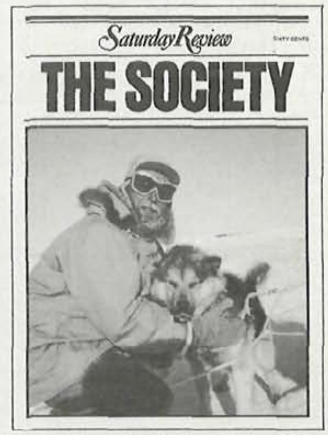
The Economy. Leisure. Business.

— How the Army is destroying itself.

— The effect of the unprecedented youth vote on the face of national politics.

Saturday Review-The Society will be looking into the issues of society. Our corporations. Our unions. Prisons. Environmental protections groups. Community-run day-care centers.

In short, the pulse of life.



Government. Technology. Jobs.

In addition, The Society will carry features, puzzles, reviews, and editorials, of the kind that have made Saturday Review the brain-prodder it is.

We invite you to become a Charter Subscriber to the Saturday Review-The Society at the introductory rate of $6.00 for one year.

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Everybody:

Listen up. There's an editor from *Hudson Review* out there reading this issue. This could be it. Now, as you all know, Chris Miller is out with a scrotum injury, so Sean, you'll have to fill in with some dirty stuff. George and Michael, try to do something stringent that has a fresh viewpoint. Tony, remember, joke, simile, hyperbole, slur, expletive, joke, rhyme. Henry, you know what's expected of you. Anne, Michel, John, Terry, Brian, Idie, Ellen, think zany . . . and tell that chick with the enormous tits to smile more. Remember, you're all going out there as a pack of wacky nobodies, but when you come back . . . who knows. You all might be able to get apartments like the one I have.

Matty Simmons
New York City

Sirs:

As a longtime compulsive horseplayer, I am once again disappointed that no Presidential candidate has come out in support of representative pari-mutuel betting. Under this program every steed would be held responsible to those who wagered on him. A losing horse will be obligated to report in at one of several losers' circles, where his supporters will be granted the option of tearing him apart.

Is it not time that these animals were taught the value of a human being's paycheck and the responsibility that comes with their glamorous lives?

Gloria Swanson
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mike, Henry, & Gang:

Hey, wow, what a party! You guys were great! I guess I just never met any real Men before! And thanks for the swell nylons!

Luvya,
Jill Johnston
New York City

Sirs:

I just found out why we only use one third of our brains. There's nothing in the other two thirds. Absolutely zero. If you don't believe me, switch over to that "untapped resource" and try walking down a flight of stairs. After they patch you up, limp over to my house so I can say I told you so.

Evel Knievel
Cheesequake, N.J.

Sirs:

Do you let your mothers see the filthy stuff you people write? You have a real problem. What do you tell them? You're copywriters for Procter and Gamble, you're Vista volunteers? I'm glad I'm not in your shoes. My mother is dead. I can write anything I want to.

W. H. Auden
East Coker, England

Sirs:

How Pantagruel equitably settled a dispute that was marvelously obscure and hard to decide so justly that his judgment was said to be highly admirable is beyond me. And he did it in front of Lord Suckpoop.

F. Lee Bailey
Rio Rancho Estates

Sirs:

I'm not going to bathe today and I might not bathe tomorrow. And when I don't, I just might not use a nonsoap product like wine or coal. Don't think you people have the corner on fun, because you don't. HA.

John Lindsay
New York City

Sirs:

We just wrapped up our September issue and there are fourteen *fuck you*'s, nine *cocksucker*'s, and six *motherhumper*'s left over. Well, not totally left over, because we do print the *f*'s, *k*'s, *c*'s, and the *er*'s, but you understand what I mean. They're all yours; hope you can use them.

Harold Hayes
New York City

Sirs:

Is it dope yet?

Heidi
Fort Jackson, S. C.

Sirs:

Oh, excuse me. I didn't realize that this was *National Lampoon*'s "Boredom" issue. I thought it was *Esquire*'s "Back to College" issue and I wanted to ask a question about what I should pack in the way of socks and underwear. But perhaps you people could

continued



continued

help me: it would sure save me a lot of trouble.

Svetlana Stalin
Reno, Nevada

Sirs:

What does this sound like to you: "*REEBEE REEBEE VAVAVAVA-VA VAW VAW VAW PREERT PREERT PREERT*"? It's a little bird greeting the day with a song. Now, what's this one: "*RRROOOOO-MMM RROOOMMMAAAAHHH AAAAAMMMM* HAIRCUT FUCK YOU UP YOURS *BBBOOOOOMM-MMM*"? That's the ending of my new movie, *Easy Reamer*. It's really good. You should try to see it if you get a chance.

Tom Mix
Driftwood, Pa.

Sirs:

Though no high-hung bells or din
Of braggart bugles cry it in—
What is sound? Nature's round
Makes th

It *looks* like Gerard Manley Hopkins to us, though we're not certain. It's as far as we've gotten. We'll let you know how it develops.

Six hundred monkeys typing
for only two and one half years
Nyack, N.Y.

Sirs:

Let's all laugh in the face of dental hygiene and go out and sharpen our teeth on a tree trunk, pee in the back of a cathedral, walk listing to one side, and tell the postman to "cram it."

Sir Kenneth Clark
Oofs, Devonshire

Sirs:

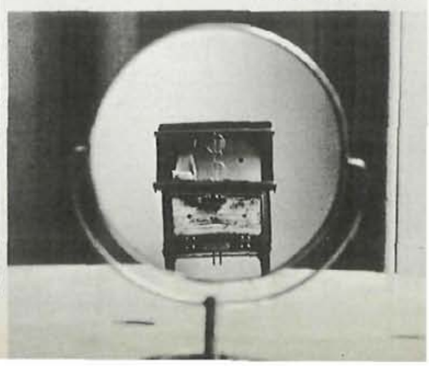
Are there any chain-saw accidents in this issue? If there are, what page(s) is (are) it (they) on (in)? I happen to be quite fond of chain-saw accidents but only if they're done with crown and grandure.

John Simon
New York City

Sirs:

Tell Jimmy Durante that I know where Mrs. Calabash is and if he ever wants to see her again, he better inka dinka do what I tell him. Just tell him that, if you think you can remember it. And if you can't remember it, write it down for Christ's sake.

Joey Gallo
Ocean City, Vt.



We enjoy telling you how each aspect of the 12 year basic research program on sound reproduction contributed to the unconventional features found in the Bose 901 and 501 DIRECT/REFLECTING® loudspeakers.* We also take pride in quoting from the unprecedented series of rave reviews because to us they are like awards won for the best design.†

However, it is important to realize that the research and the reviews are of only academic interest unless the speakers really are audibly superior. It is equally important to realize that YOU are in every sense the ultimate judge, for you are the one who lives with the sound you choose.

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Then, just enjoy your records. When you finish you will know why we get much more satisfaction from our work than could ever be derived from profits alone.

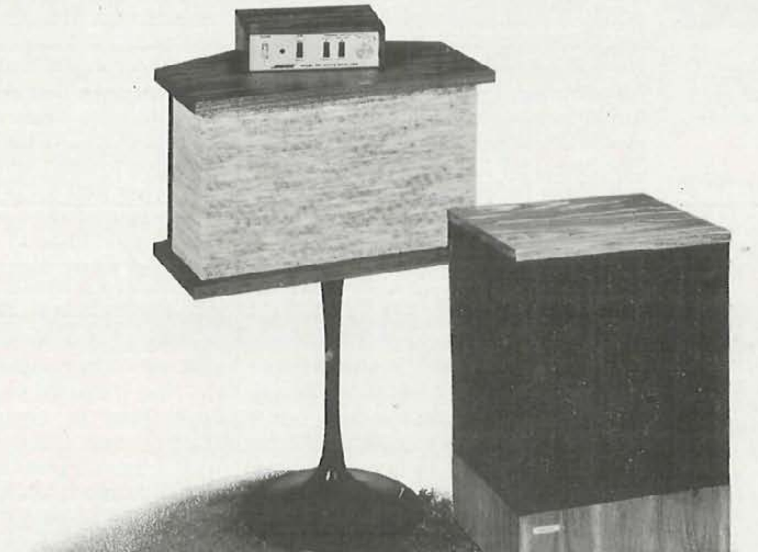
P.S. If you already own expensive speakers, many dealers will lend you a pair of BOSE 901's for an A-B in your living room, where the acoustics are generally far superior to those of the speaker-lined showroom.

* Copies of the Audio Engineering Society paper, 'ON THE DESIGN, MEASUREMENT AND EVALUATION OF LOUDSPEAKERS', by Dr. A. G. Bose, are available from the Bose Corp. for fifty cents.

† For copies of the reviews, please write Bose Corp., Natick, Mass. 01760.

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MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

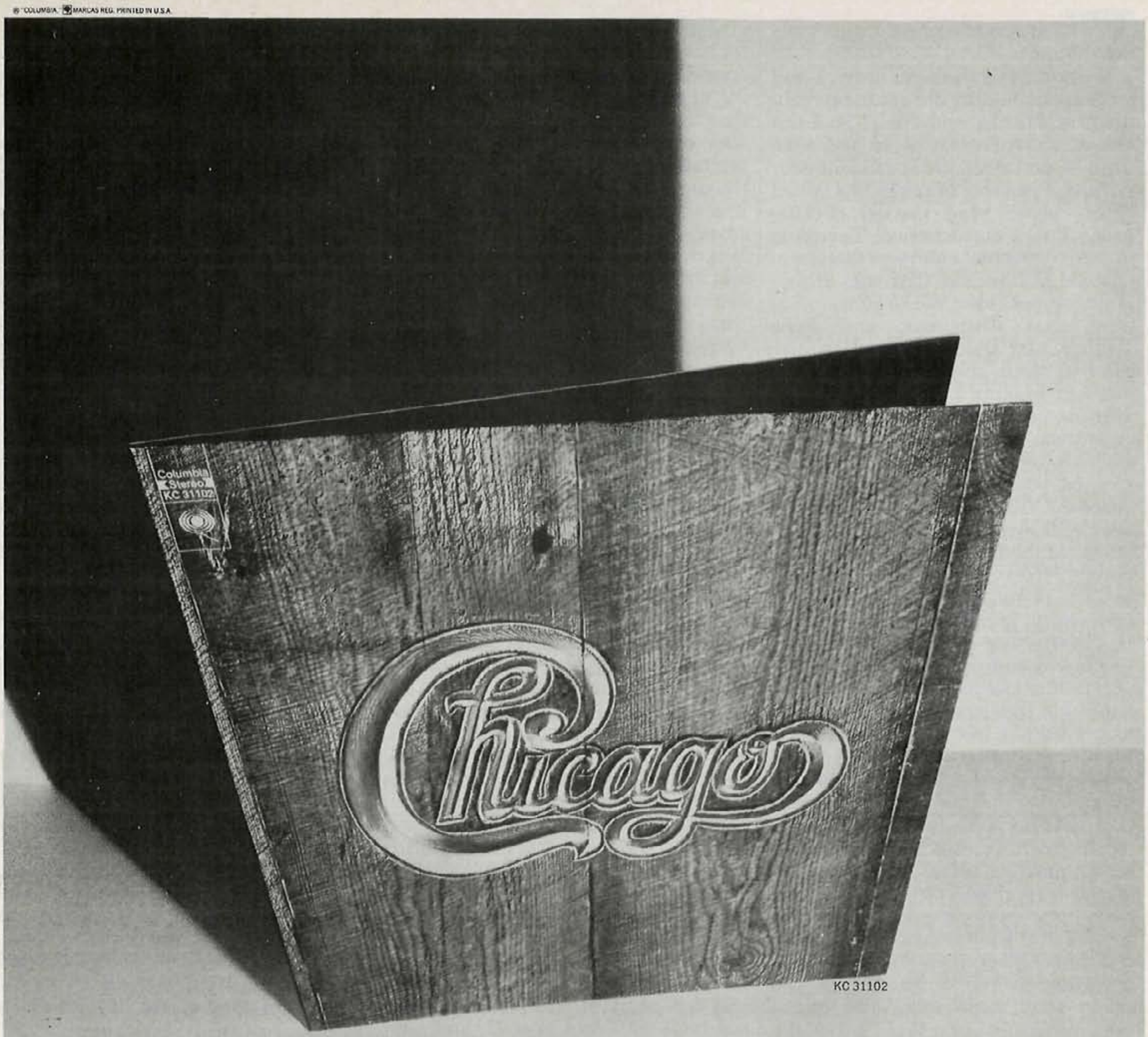
Call me Mrs. Agnew. (Sorry about that, Diary, but I have a lot of Strong Openings left and no place to use them now that I've said ta-ta to the Musak of writing, and I want to work them in somewhere. I got rid of a whole bunch of semaphors, metronomes, and dramatic pauses and some vivid imagery on a note for the milkman, but he left forty quarts of eggnog and a cheese the size of a snow tire, so I guess I'd better go easy on the deluxe stuff when communicating with Philippines, and use up the rest of my poetic ammunition, as Mr. Cerf used to call it, on post cards or something.)

Well, Diary, things are looking up (as the man said when he opened the can of fish eyes): I've sold my first photograph! Not only that, but a nice man named Brit Hume from the Acme A-1 United Consolidated International Publishing Company called me up and took me out to lunch at the Gate of the Heavenly Egg Roll and said he's very interested in publishing me, and asked me if I kept a diary?!!!! He said he also wanted my old things out of Spiggy's wastebasket, just to see if maybe he has a Hidden Talent so we could become a famous writing duo like Jean and Paul Sartre or Charles and Mary Pickford! (I looked but all there was was an Eskimo Pie wrapper stuck to the bottom and a ticket stub from the Beltway Drive-In for the *Tower of the Screaming Virgins*. There was a copy of one of those reports Henry Kissinger is always giving everyone, called "'Position Paper #69—The Commie Sutra, or Totalitarian Titillation," in his desk, but it would be beigerism to give Mr. Hume that. Speaking of Henry Kissinger, bye the bye, he called me up last week and asked if I wanted to eat his bratwurst. When I told him I didn't like German food, he just giggled and hung up. Since then I've had a couple of those heavy-breathing phone calls, and I'll bet dollars to Drake's Cakes it was him again with another one of his practical jokes, unless there's someone else who breathes with a German accent, you know, sort of "Zzzzz schnuffffff, sschvuuuuusschht.")

Well, there I go getting out of focus again. (That's photographers' lingo, Diary.) What I'm getting around to is Spiggy was out of town last week on another one of those trips Dick is always sending him on. I think he was either looking into the stalactite crisis in the Luray Caverns or studying the problem of smelt addiction among sea lions on the Ross Ice Shelf, I don't remember which. Anyway, it seemed like a good time to take some snaps for my portfolio. I got a late start because Pat called up and wanted to tell me more about those awful Russians and Polecats and Lusitanians she met on the Moscow trip, and I couldn't get her off the phone. Honestly, how she could be such a sap is beyond me! Just because they showed her a few turnip-roofed churches full of priests with toothpicks in their mouths to make them smile and some people eating cheeseburgers instead of their usual diet of cinderblocks, ground glass, and shirt cardboard, she thinks they're O.K. Well, you can darn well bet they didn't let her see those factories where they make those binoculars with the little knives that pop out into your eyes, and that big stadium where everyone sits around spitting on the American flag and the state flags and the state birds and flowers, and the place where they shoot puppies that don't woof when they see the handlebar and cycle!

Anyway, by the time I got out of the house and stopped off at People's Drug for some film, I only just had time to make it downtown and get a few shots of the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument reflected in those wading pools they have there, and then it started to get dark, and the little thing in my Instamatic said "Don't," and I had to call it a day. Well, I figured I was so close to Watergate, I'd drop in on Martha and see if she wanted to go out for a malted or something, so I took a cab over and went upstairs. (Now, that's a funny thing. You know that nice-looking ambassador from one of those South American countries—Velveeta, I think—that Martha introduced to me that night John was in Denver and we had all those funny drinks at Trader Vic's and I got so silly and had to take half a bottle of Bromo the next morning? Well, he was running the elevator! I guess he was traveling in corn frito, so to speak, studying our

continued



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Included are individual color photos of the members of the band and a gigantic poster.

New Chicago. An album that's as exciting as all the other Chicagos.

On Columbia Records and Tapes

continued

customs or something, so I didn't say anything.)

When I got into the hallway, I had a brain wave—why not get some "candids" of Martha and John? So I put one of those flashcubes in and rang the bell, and when the apartment door opened, I just sort of ran in and yelled "Say cheese" and started clicking away. Was I embarrassed! The room was full of people! John was there, and Charlie Colson and that cute Howie Hunt we met at the White House office party last Christmas, and Bebe Rebozo, and about eight other men, most of them kind of Latin-looking, like Mr. Rebozo. Come to think of it, I guess they must have been South American, because when I came in, they all said *"Caramba!"* and "Mary Cohen," which I think is Spanish for "cheese." Right away the place went wild, with everyone pulling their jackets over their faces or holding up their hands. I guess some people are pretty touchy about being photographed, and, really, it must have been unnerving, my busting in like that.

John looked awful surprised, and I was pretty sure he was angry, too, because his face got that boiled-potato look (just like that time he came over for dinner and he had that argument with Spiggy, when Spiggy got so mad after John said the nomination was still open, and Spiggy said maybe he'd get his tennis racket and sort of take a few practice serves in his general direction, and how if they wanted to push him around, maybe they'd push too far and Spiggy would do a little pushing of his own, because there was a certain man in a wheelchair who might want someone to give him a push in November). Well, I thought, old girl, you've really put your foot in it this time, but just then Howie Hunt came up and smiled and said how would I like to sell his friends the pictures I took, since they were just visiting the U.S. and would be tickled to death to have some snapshots as a sort of a keepsake?

So I said I couldn't take money for them, but I'd make some prints and give them as many as they wanted, for free, which was the least I could do considering how rude I'd been, barging in on them. Then Howie said how they had a tradition in this country they came from that when you take pictures among friends, you give them the camera, and they smash it, sort of like when you make a toast and they smash the glasses in the fireplace. And I said, not my Instamatic you don't, and anyway what a stupid thing to do, because then you don't get the pictures and you have to buy another camera. And then Howie sort of leaned over and whispered that they were very stupid, but that the U.S. made a lot of money selling them cameras, and if they found out that that wasn't what you were supposed to do with them, we'd lose a big market, and would $1,000 be enough for my camera and the pictures?!!!!

I just stood there with my mouth open, and Howie said, all right then, I couldn't say no to $2,000, and he took my camera and gave it to one of the men and sure enough, he put it on the floor and stamped on it a couple of times. Then Howie reached into a little suitcase full of tools and batteries, walkie-talkies, and little microphones, and gave me twenty one-hundred-dollar bills! Well, I said I couldn't take that kind of money, and he put his finger on his lips and whispered that that was about what we were selling the cameras for, and I didn't want to blow the whole thing and put a lot of Americans on the welfare rolls did I?

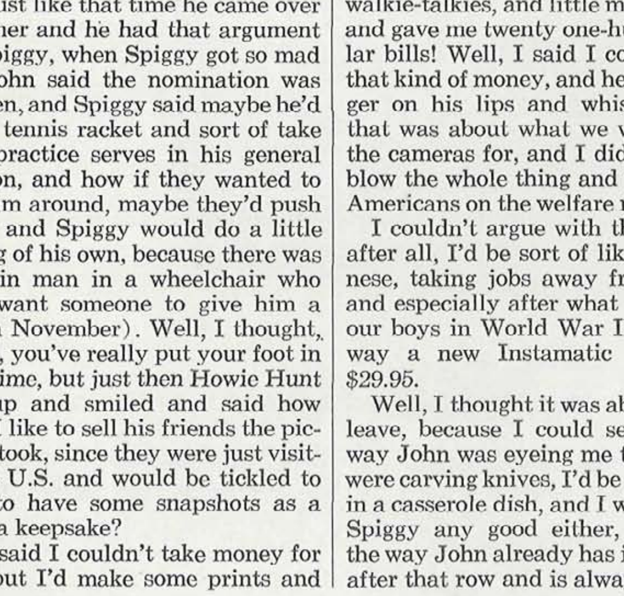
I couldn't argue with that, I mean after all, I'd be sort of like the Japanese, taking jobs away from people, and especially after what they did to our boys in World War II, and anyway a new Instamatic only costs $29.95.

Well, I thought it was about time to leave, because I could see from the way John was eyeing me that if looks were carving knives, I'd be going home in a casserole dish, and I wasn't doing Spiggy any good either, what with the way John already has it in for him after that row and is always trying to get Dick to give Spiggy an F-111 for the Vice-Presidential plane, or have him address a night rally in Watts on the problem of welfare chislers, or take a firsthand look at mine safety in Utah. So I said "Harry V. Durchy" as politely as I could, and headed out. I was halfway to the door when out of the corner of my eye I saw Martha tied hand and foot with telephone cord and lying facedown on the bed in the bedroom with a handkerchief in her mouth, and Ron Ziegler and Richie Kleindienst throwing darts from across the room at a circle they'd drawn on her fanny with lipstick! Well, I just ran right in, jumping to contusions as usual. I mean, after all, Martha was moaning like crazy and I guess I screamed, because Ron dropped a dart on his foot and started hopping up and down and shouting "Mother Hubbard" or something like that, and Richie Kleindienst just went all dazy and mumbled "My recollection is hazy, I don't remember a thing." Well, Howie was right behind me, and he took hold of me and explained that Martha had a very bad toothache, and they were using a kind of acupuncture Ron Ziegler had learned in China to ease the pain. Then Richie Kleindienst came over and said how a woman my age was prone to heart attacks and how I shouldn't get so excited, because he knew someone who did and now she has to breathe through a fish tank, and maybe I'd like some pills to calm me down, because he happened to have some very good ones with him. But Howie gave him a dirty look, and so did I. Really, a woman my age! I had half a mind to say, "I'll a woman of my age you, Richie Kleindienst!" but I didn't think of that line until later, and anyway I thought I'd caused enough trouble for one day, so I went back into the living room and told John I hoped Martha would get better and, just to sort of smooth things over, asked him if all those men were from Velveeta like that nice ambassador who was running the elevator in the building there who Martha took me out to dinner with that night he was in Colorado. It didn't help any, so I figured I'd better just skeedaddle.

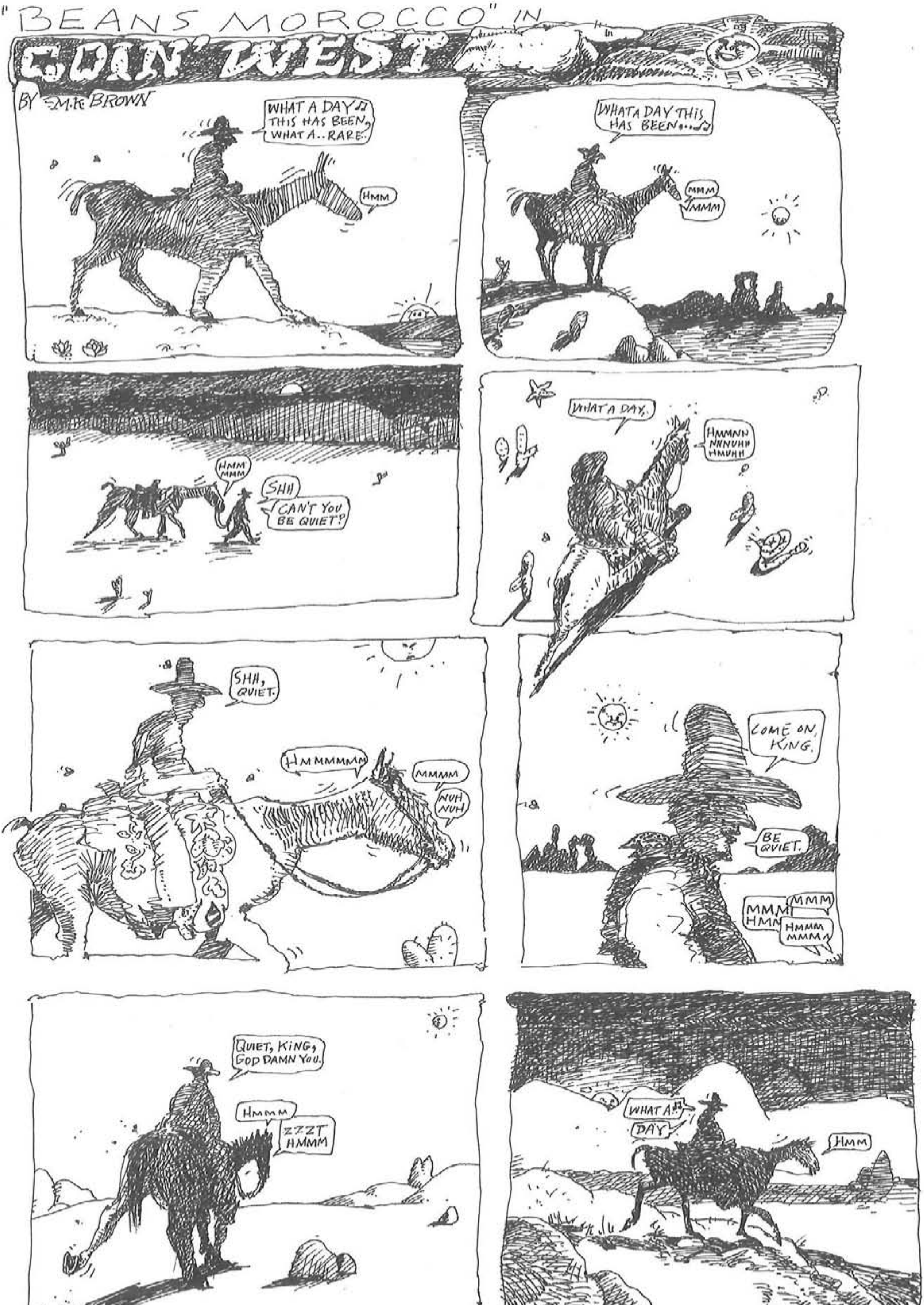
Well, "Mission Impossible" is on, so I've got to run. Honestly, I don't know where the people who write that program dream up those wild stories and plots and things. Come to think of it, I'll bet that cute Rod Serling has something to do with it: he always did have such a good imagination.

All for now,

Judy



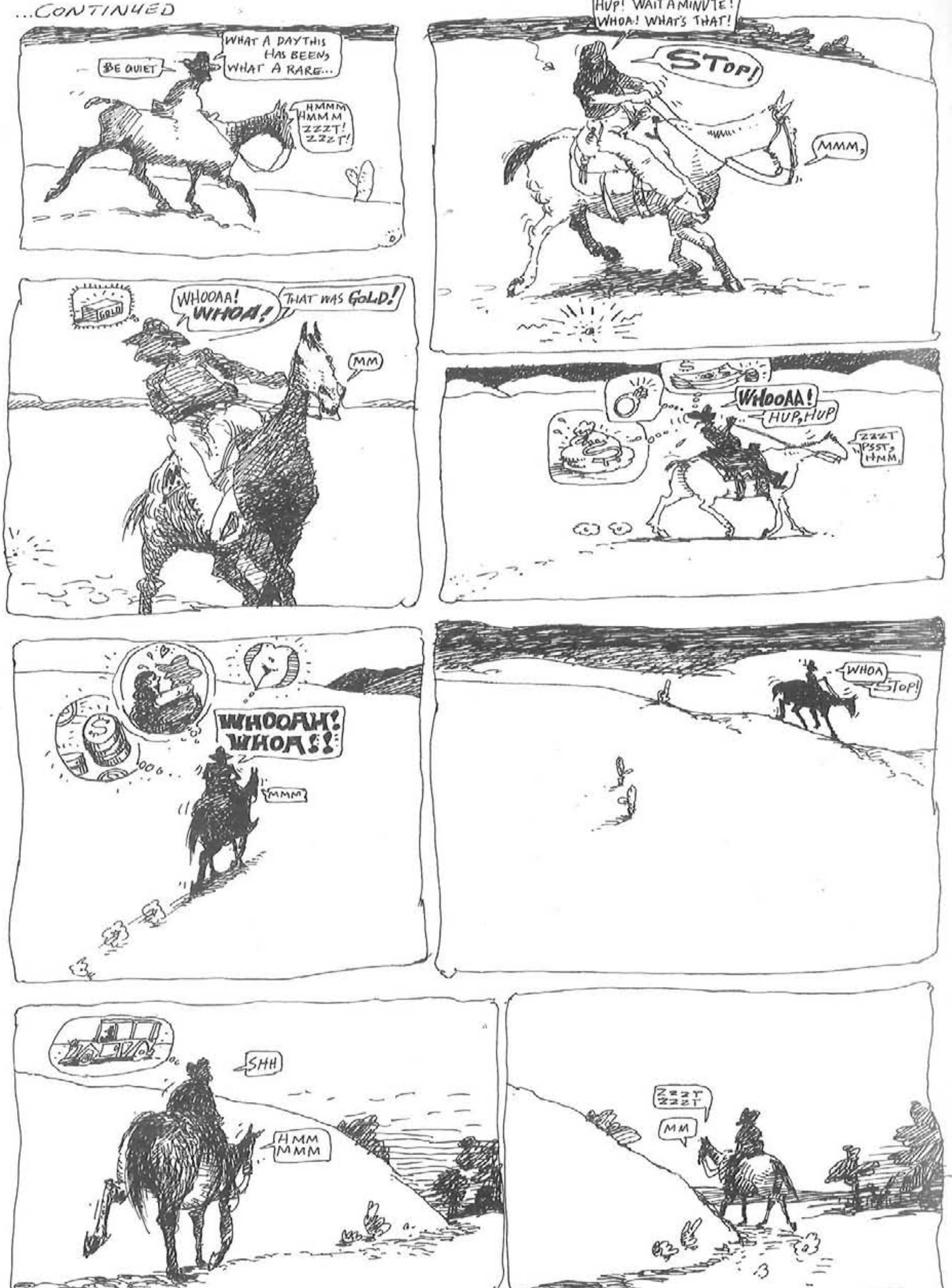
"So, Vito, there was no important meeting after all, was there? And that business about the rampaging beavers, I suppose that was a lie too. . . ."


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GOIN' WEST
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HMM
WHAT A DAY THIS HAS BEEN....♫
MMM MMM
HMM MMM
SHH
CAN'T YOU BE QUIET?
WHAT A DAY,
HMMNN NNNUHH HMUHH
SHH, QUIET.
HMMMMMM
MMMM
NUH NUH
COME ON, KING.
BE QUIET.
MMM HMM
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HMMM MMMM
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HUP! WAIT A MINUTE! WHOA! WHAT'S THAT!
STOP!
MMM,
GOLD
WHOOAA! WHOA!
THAT WAS GOLD!
MM
WHOOAA!
HUP, HUP
ZZZT PSST, HMM.
WHOOAH! WHOA!!
MMM
WHOA
STOP!
SHH
HMM MMM
ZZZT ZZZT
MM
THE END

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Recently completed studies of aerial photography have led to intensive speculation in the scientific community that there may be life in northern South Vietnam. In between the huge craters and in portions of the wide, vast areas of coastal plain, which is so empty it seems to have been scraped by giant bulldozers, researchers have discovered small, dark patches of what a few optimistic biologists think may be a stunted, bushlike growth that somehow manages to exist in the poisonous soil. Unlike the moon, the Quang Tri region of Vietnam does have natural groundwater and an atmosphere, and it has long been theorized that a crude kind of pond scum could thrive in the shallow pools of water that fill some of the larger craters, but the purported discovery of a more sophisticated form of vegetation is certain to be as rich a source of controversy and excitement as the celebrated episode in 1970 when an overeager seismologist mistook the detonation of a series of delayed-action bombs for signs of geological activity similar to those found by Apollo 14 in the lunar highlands. A final determination of the matter will have to depend on higher-quality photographs, since members of the scientific community are extremely reluctant to participate in any manned explorations of the area. As one put it, "I'd rather make a space walk in a raincoat."

In response to the recent decision by the Supreme Court outlawing the death penalty, the Department of Justice and the Federal Aviation Administration are said to be considering introducing a "prison plane" as a strong deterrent to potential skyjackers. The concept calls for conversion of a Boeing 707 into a flying penitentiary in which convicted air pirates would serve out all or a large part of their lengthy prison terms. The plane would have barred windows (more for

continued

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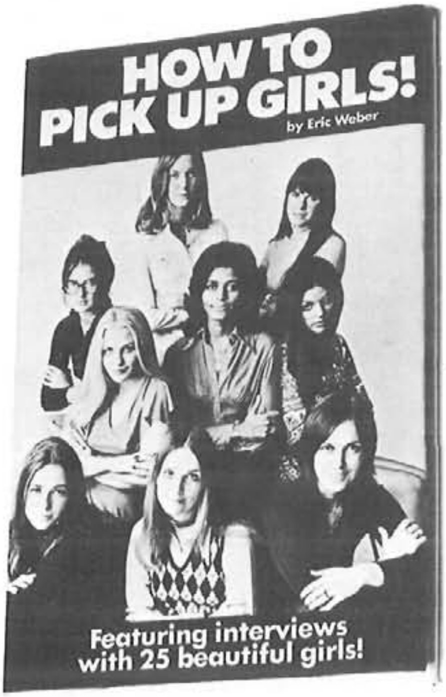
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continued
their psychological effect than from any fear of an escape attempt at 35,000 feet); lockable seat-belts and, for unruly prisoners, a handcuff-like headset over which an infinite tape-loop of Mantovani playing the theme from *Exodus* would be broadcast; and a slightly modified version of a coach lounge in which to confine unusually violent passengers, which, with only minor alterations, provides a ready-made disciplinary cell with insufficient room for a human to either stand or sit.

Under present plans, the penal aircraft would circle the country constantly, landing once every month or so at virtually every major airport in the United States, thus serving as a visible reminder of the consequences of a hijacking attempt. Prisoners would be served regular airline meals and be provided with one two-year-old copy of *U.S. News and World Report*, a copy of *Saturday Review* with the Double-Crostic already filled in, and the 1969 Christmas recipe issue of *Redbook*. To quell any uprisings, a movie screen mounted behind a Plexiglas shield would be available for an endless showing of *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*, and in extreme cases, a specially trained airline employee would be prepared to speak over 150 carefully positioned, high-feedback loudspeakers, pointing out places of interest, explaining the theory of lift and drag, or commenting on the extent of isobaric thermo-inversion and its effect on the formation of strato-cumulus clouds until the inmates gave in. The prisoners would be allowed three hours of exercise at each airport, which they could use jogging around a baggage-claim wheel or walking under guard to the terminal rest-room and back. American Civil Liberties Union officials who have heard of the proposal have described it as "medieval" and "the epitome of cruel and unusual punishment."

There have been a number of as yet unsubstantiated reports that the Air Force has been having some difficulty with the "smart bombs" it has been using in the recent heavy bombardment of North Vietnam. According to sources at air bases in Thailand, several of the bombs have refused to leave their racks during raids, and others have dropped off while the planes were still over Thailand and have landed without exploding. A crate of the bombs recently found on the runway at the Udorn base was crudely marked "machine tools" and stenciled with an address in Canada, and nearly fifty of the explosive devices, several of them covered with slogans like "Hell, no, we won't go off!" were discovered on a makeshift raft floating downriver toward Bangkok.

A Japanese land-development company building a huge new community outside of Hiroshima, called Lake Havasaki, has reportedly made an offer to buy New York City's 59th Street Bridge, immortalized in "The 59th Street Bridge Song." City officials, who had not offered the bridge for sale, are nevertheless said to be giving the proposal "serious consideration" as a possible means of making up part of New York's huge budget deficit. It had originally been thought that the Japanese had mistaken it for the older and better-known Brooklyn Bridge, which, as a national landmark, cannot be removed, but a spokesman for the developers said the Japanese were perfectly satisfied with the less spectacular span and would be "happy as a cram" to get it.

Following the phenomenal success of the movie *The Godfather*, a major studio will shortly begin the filming of an obvious imitation with a similar emphasis on violence and with an equally amiable treatment of an odd code of ethics. Called *The Gottführer*, it will center on Adolf Hitler, the immensely personable and dedicated leader of a traditional German political organization who struggles to "extend his territory" and preserve his power against rival groups, sometimes with extreme, but colorful, methods, as when he

continued

the rap-crap syndrome



If you've been to the neighborhood stereo center recently, you're probably aware of the lack of knowledge displayed by most "audio salesmen". After rapping for hours, you're still not sure what's good and what's bad, and worst thing of all is you're paying for the salesman's time you "wasted", by being asked top dollars for a stereo component or system.

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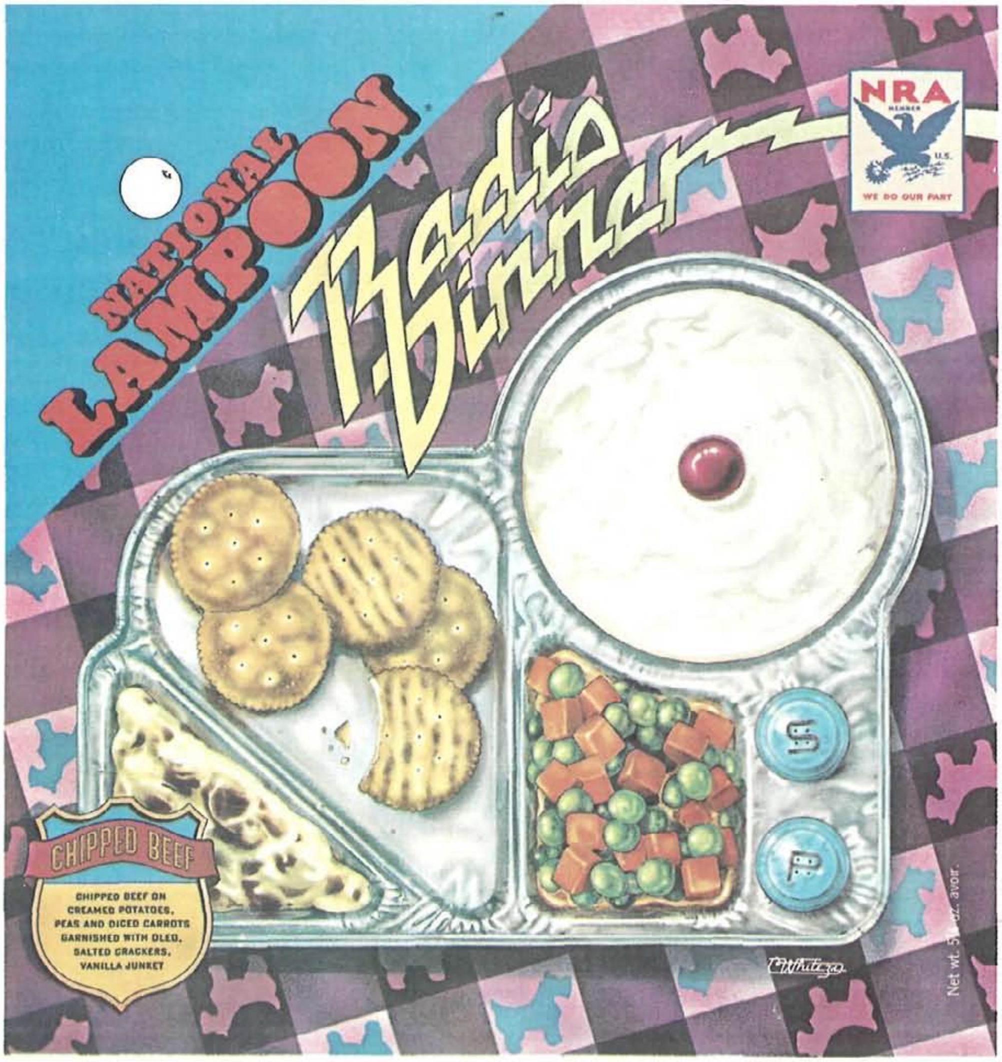
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Excerpt of actual size detail to show the breathtaking fineness of the artist's work and quality of the reproduction.

continued



"provides a solution they can't refuse" for six million people who get in his way.

During a series of Senate hearings in the course of which he was asked to comment on Senator McGovern's proposal to cut the Pentagon budget by $35 billion, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird remarked that, in the event of such a drastic reduction in defense spending, $1 billion should be set aside "for the purchase of white flags" to signal an American surrender. It has now been learned that Defense Department analysts, either mistaking the Secretary's remark for a serious proposal or genuinely convinced that such an expenditure will be made necessary by McGovern's election, have prepared a procurement program for the flags. Allowing for cost overruns and inflationary adjustments, the Pentagon will be able to obtain 497 of the flags, complete with poles and halyard, for $1.45 billion, although it will be necessary to include a 10-percent escalation clause should complications in the design of the eyelets, turnbuckles, and sophisticated raising machinery occur.

Last week, with its 3,457th consecutive day, the perennial smash war *Vietnam!* edged past the lesser-known British hit of the fifties, *The Malayan Counterinsurgency,* to become the longest-running military conflict of the century. *Vietnam!,* which opened to mixed, but generally favorable, reviews more than ten years ago, has spawned a number of imitators during its phenomenally lengthy engagement, including *Cambodia!* and the poorly publicized underground belligerency *Laos!,* and yet another, *Thailand!,* has reportedly been optioned and is scheduled to begin casting next spring, but none of them seems likely to approach the attendance figures of the original, whose magic nearly two million Americans journeyed to the old Pacific Theatre to be a part of. A money-waster bigger even than unforgettable *South Korea!, Vietnam!* is likely to be the last of the elaborately staged American shows of force that some trace back to the 1898 comic operetta *Remember the Maine!* "The day of the big, brassy wars is over," lamented one old-timer. "No one's got twenty or thirty billion to sink into a brush-fire production that might close in the U.N. after nine months. And there's no talent. Why, a lot of these kids, they just get out there and die, they've just got no stuff. The lure of the light at the end of the tunnel, the smell of the napalm, the roar of the shells, that old 'the slaughter must go on' spirit, they just don't have it in their blood." There are rumors that *Vietnam!* will officially close late this summer, but, according to Pentagon Productions, it is expected to continue "for several more years" with an all-Vietnamese cast.

In an unusual gesture of cooperation growing out of the successful Moscow summit, U.S. nuclear warheads will be placed on ten Soviet ICBMs, which in the event of nuclear war involving the superpowers will be jointly launched by Russian and American missile crews at targets in France. "We felt we should exploit areas of agreement between our two countries wherever they appear," explained a State Department official commenting on the plan, "and, frankly, neither of us likes the French."□



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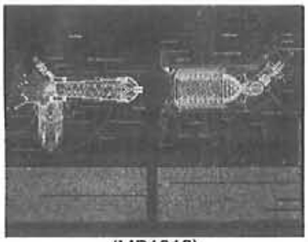
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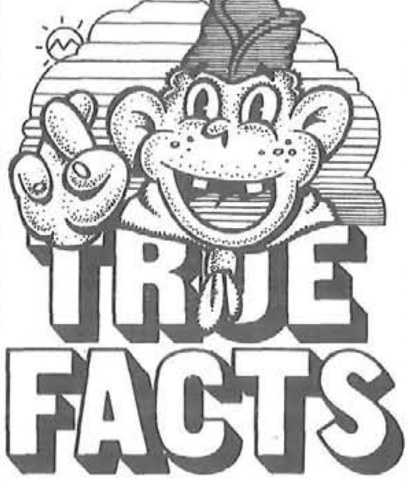
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• In a bid for support from the eighteen members of the local town council of Otsu, Japan, Tsutomu Jodai, a candidate for mayor, said he was "earnest and determined enough to stake my life," then pulled out a knife, put his left hand on a table, and cut off his little finger.

"This is to prove my intentions are honorable and I stand by them as a man," said Mr. Jodai. *New York Times* (S. Harrison)

• After receiving a number of complaints from women employees about the company's "big brother is watching you" attitude, a cigarette-manufacturing firm in Nottingham, England, removed the closed-circuit television system installed in the women's rest room "for security reasons." (J. Rodgers and V. DeLange)

• A mother and her two sons shot and wounded each other during a fight over which television program to watch.

"I had just done scrubbing and wanted to watch a quiz show," Mrs. Clara Barton of Dixon, Illinois, told police after the incident.

Mrs. Barton became angry when her son Joey, fourteen, kept changing channels, and slapped him. At that point, her other son, Rick, sixteen, joined the argument, and she picked up a .22-caliber pistol loaded with bird shot and shot the older boy in the legs. A scuffle then ensued in the course of which all three suffered multiple wounds.

"It was an unfortunate situation," said Sgt. William Killiam of the Dixon police, "but the fight could just as well have started over a tomcat." *Chicago Daily News* (R. Schneider)

• After a life of failures capped by his wife's decision to leave him, John Stratton of Oxbridge, England, decided to commit suicide. He sealed all the doors and windows in his house and turned on the gas, but he was apparently unaware that his neighborhood had recently been converted to North Sea gas, which is nontoxic. Police theorize that he had given up on the attempt and had lit a cigar. This resulted in an explosion in which he was killed. *Midnight* (R. Shapiro)

• After several years of searching, Mexican detectives finally captured the nation's most wanted criminal, a desperado credited with twenty murders. He had joined the police force and had recently been promoted to sergeant. UPI (E. French)

• The U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has asked for $23,000 for a study of the various ways children fall off bicycles. The title of the proposed study is "Evaluation and Parameterization of Stability and Safety Performance Characteristics of Two- and Three-Wheeled Vehicular Toys for Riding." *Queens University Journal* (J. Mitchell)

• The world's first testicle transplant has been carried out by Dr. Kamal Hanache in Beirut, Lebanon. In the operation, the testicles of a dead six-month-old fetus were implanted in the thigh of an impotent twenty-eight-year-old Lebanese man, who has subsequently enjoyed moderate sexual activity, increased facial-hair growth, and a twenty-pound weight loss. *Toronto Globe and Mail* (J. Hartman)

• Al Martino, a singer, left the stage of the Persian Room of New York's Plaza Hotel in a huff after a member of the audience made an unflattering remark about Pittsburgh, a city Martino had mentioned he would be playing in soon.

"Pittsburgh's a better place than New York," said Mr. Martino. "I hate this town." He walked offstage and checked out of the hotel, and hasn't been seen since. *New York Times*

• After Field Marshal Liber Serenge of the Uruguayan Army called General Juan Ribas, seventy-seven, of the same force "a socialist," they decided to fight a duel.

Meeting at dawn in Montevideo's Peoples' Peace Park, the two soldiers fired 137 rounds at each other from a distance of twenty-five paces. Neither man was hurt.

Sources close to General Ribas said that he aimed high on account of his opponent's advanced age and, in any case, "both refused to wear their glasses out of dignity."

Dueling is legal in Uruguay provided that the contestants are registered as blood donors. *Private Eye* □

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747.MONET.GIVERNY GARDENS.Shades of soft,pale blue, & yellow gold.Reg.$12.Sale 2.98
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445.MONET.WATER LILIES.Pale violet.deep green and yellow ochre in restful hues of blue.Reg.$9.Sale 2.98
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237.UNICORN IN CAPTIVITY.Tapestry of green,yellow,white.Reg.$9.Sale 2.98
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TOTAL ITEMS ____ TOTAL PRICE+ ____ TOTAL HANDLING ____ TOTAL +APPLICABLE SALES TAX ____
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702.SENSUOUS.On velvet

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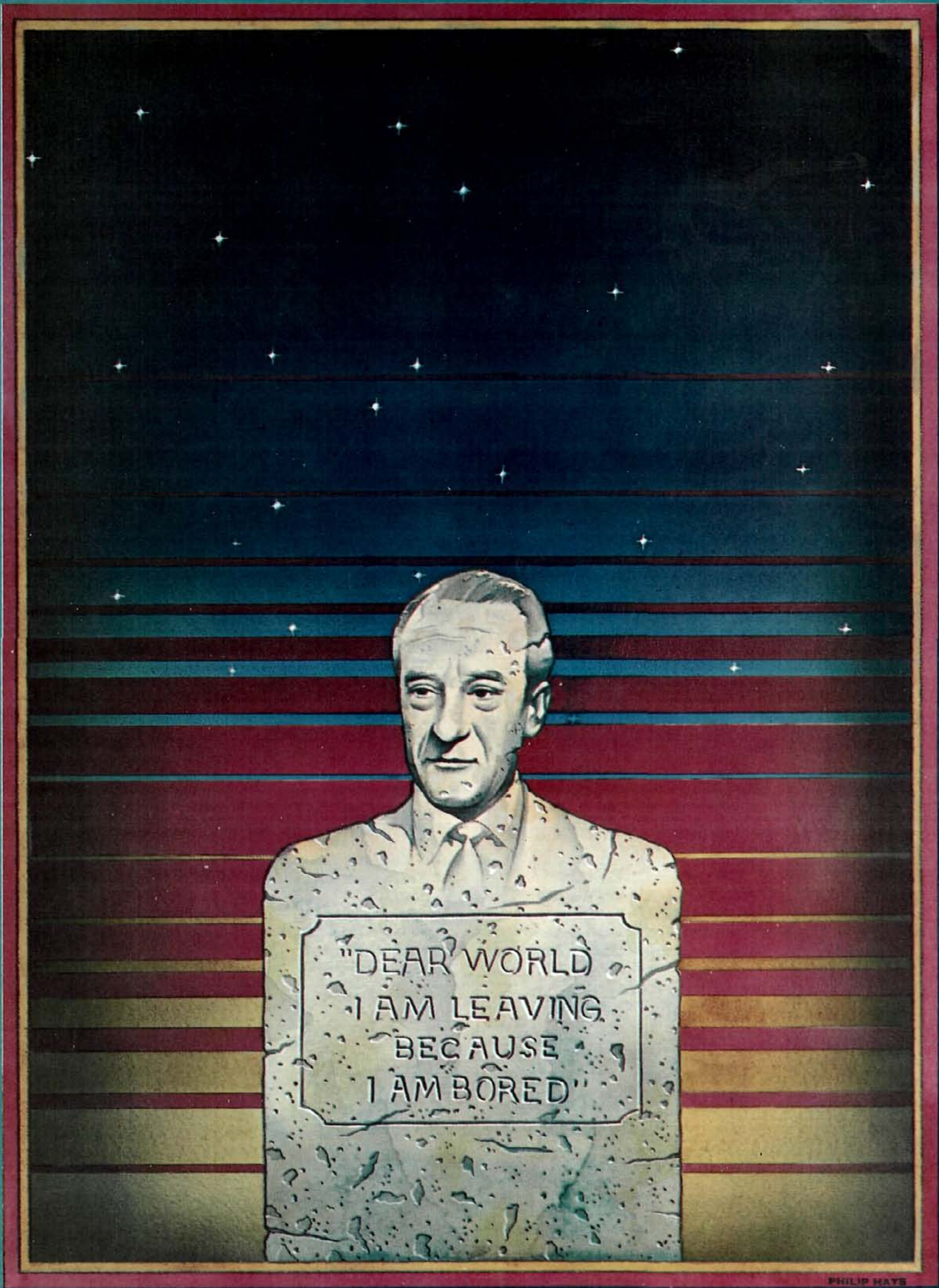
Just lean back, relax and enjoy. For three full hours. The C-180 LN cassette by TDK.

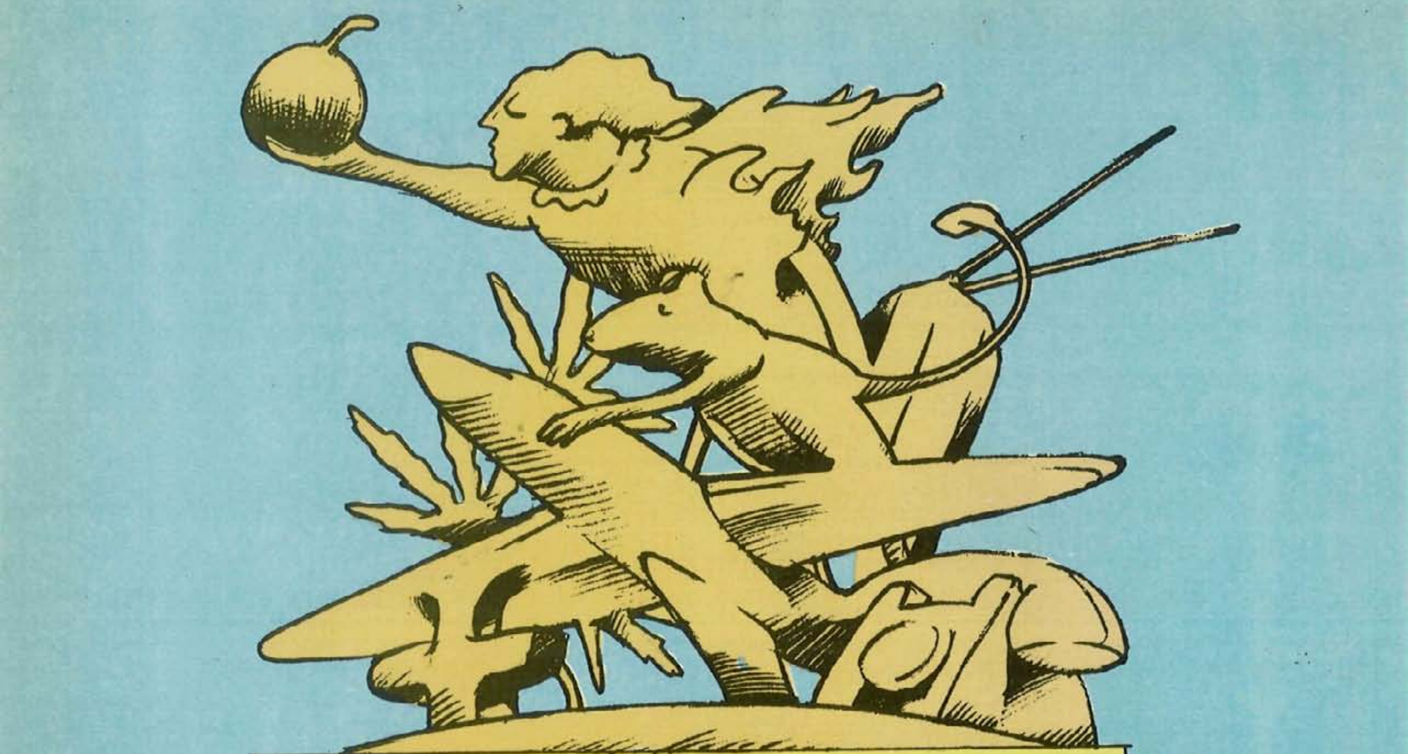
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"DEAR WORLD
I AM LEAVING
BECAUSE
I AM BORED"
PHILIP HAYS



George Sanders says:
"Here are some of the things that bored me to death."

Most Boring

Oppressed Minority: the Basques
Mass Murderer: Edwin J. Grace, the berserk Pinkerton Guard who shot up an employment agency in Cherry Hill, New Jersey
Tiny Enslaved Country: tiny enslaved Latvia
Hereditary Ethnic Crippling Disorder: dysautonomia, the dread disease that attacks only those of Jewish ancestry
Bombing: the attack on the offices of Sol Hurok
Satellite: Tiros, the weather satellite
Crumbling City: Venice
Contested Territory: Bessarabia
Leader of an Emerging Third-World Power: Dom Mintoff, Prime Minister of Malta
Genre of Natural Disaster: inundated coastal plains
Political Prisoner: Carlos Feliciano, in jail for his attempted bombing of Macy's
Chaucerian Grammatical Form: petrified dative
Visionary Solution to the World Food Crisis: harvesting the ocean floor
Stable, Fiscally Sound Central American Republic with Viable Democratic Institutions: Costa Rica
Archipelago: Aleutians
Domesticated Rodent: gerbils
Mathematical Concept: tangent bundles
Title of Nobility: viscount
Threat to Sleeping Children: flammable nightwear
Great Lake: Huron
Potential Global Disaster: icecap meltage due to Greenhouse Effect
Health Food: nuts
World Religion: Islam
New Force for Social Change: married priests
Telephone Pleasantry: "Good to hear your voice."
Cookie: ginger snaps
Manifestation of Social Chaos: hijacking
Illiterate Verbalization of Approval or Awe: "Oh, wow!"
Sartorial Combination: sportshirt open at the neck with a little bit of undershirt peeking through
Academic Distinction: master's degree
Sex: women
Age: old
Acronym: SAD (Singles Against Drugs)
Valediction: "Take care now." □

Duck, Mama! It's boring old Grandma!



illustration by Ulvis Klavins

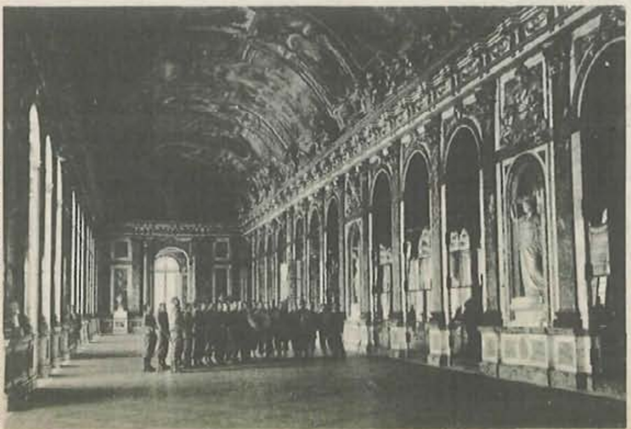
In your heart of hearts, you know. Others, even those closest to you, find you tiresome. Pathetic old booby that you are, you no doubt hide the truth from yourself, get drunk on cough syrup, and wait to be asked for Thanksgiving. All the while, you *could* use your *natural penchant for the pedestrian* to carve a niche for yourself in the INTERIOR DECORATING FIELD. In today's decorating field, as never before, there is a crying need for those with a taste for the trite. Hospital waiting rooms, collegiate art centers, corporate conference rooms, Beef & Beer restaurants, and *millions of private homes* must be decorated in accordance with prevailing standards of poor taste in the years ahead.

WILL YOU HAVE THE TRAINING TO DO THE JOB?

Picture yourself choosing materials from enormous inventories unavailable to the layman. . . . As an INTERIOR DECORATOR you'll browse through fabulous formicas, precious plywoods, priceless plastics . . . you'll select vulgar veneers, drab drapes, tacky accessories, boring bibelots, stupid sectionals. Imagine arranging them to please *your own* stunted sense of beauty, and being paid for it!

ARE YOU RIGHT for the prestige Interior Decorating Field?

Frankly, it isn't likely. Only a tiny, tiny percentage of the adult population can make the grade. BUT, if you pass the test below, WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE and start you on your first lesson, which is printed on the other side of THIS PAGE. If you fail, however, we must ask you to skip the pages, go on with the rest of the magazine, and try to forget we ever mentioned that success and popularity were briefly within your grasp. Yes, you'll just have to go on with the rest of your unrewarding life until you die.



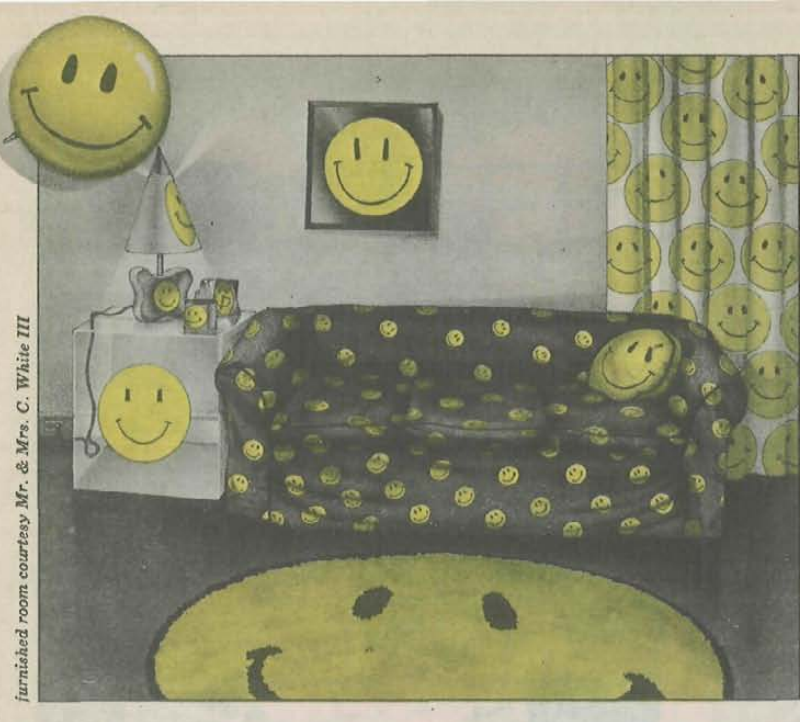
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. Archives

WHAT FATAL ERROR IN JUDGMENT DID THE DECORATOR OF THIS ROOM MAKE?

1. Too many mirrors
2. No Barcalounger
3. Insufficient space given to personalized hobby collections and other family needs.
4. Too la-dee-dah.

Rate your score by turning page upside down.

CONGRATULATIONS! You are qualified to be an INTERIOR DECORATOR. TURN PAGE AND BEGIN!



furnished room courtesy Mr. & Mrs. C. White III

Design Principle 1:

HELP YOURSELF TO A SMILE

Would you believe that this lovely room was once a potato cellar in a notorious tuberculosis sanitarium closed by outraged authorities because of its gloomy ambiance? Now it's pert and perky as a ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. The design secret is a SMILE. Even problem areas like throne rooms lose all off-putting individuality when you, Mr. Decorator, help yourself to a smile.

Design Principle 2:

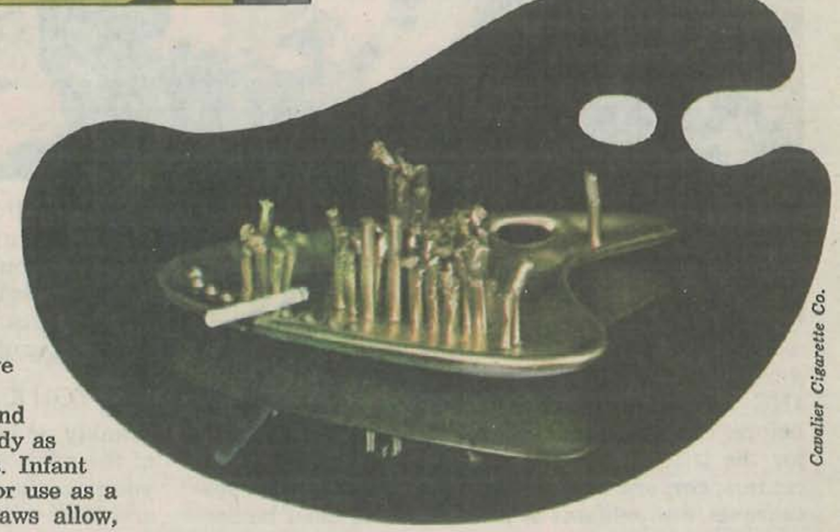
ACCESSORIES REFLECT YOUR CLIENT'S LIFE-STYLE

Is your client a smoker? Through assiduous use of modern electroplating techniques, you can turn his ashtray detritus into fairy-tale sculpture.

Does he fancy cars? Electroplate his favorite carburetor and use it as an olive caddy.

Is he sick? Electroplate his wheelchair and other sickbed items. All will come in handy as conversation pieces or buffet accessories. Infant tragedy? Bronze baby's first iron lung for use as a planter or pigeon coop. Where local laws allow, bronze baby himself.

Every room can use a lamp made from a diploma mill.



Cavalier Cigarette Co.

Design Principle 3:

MAKE USE OF TODAY'S MIRACLE MATERIALS



Hunt-Wesson Foods, Inc.

Did you know that many "star players" in the food field are "sitting it out" because of hasty government rulings? Yes, many important additives are waiting for reassignment, and imaginative decorators are quick to get the picture. Wouldn't the lady of the house love a comfy easy-chair made from a nondairy whip? It's no longer legal to use this once popular product on dessert, but there's no law against sitting on it. Put it together with a Cyclamate "Sweet Talk" Love Seat and a molded hexaclorophene lamp and you'll have a conversation grouping to remember. And, if your clients balk at today's high cost of carpeting, suggest to them a floor covering made of solidified nonmaple syrup and tufts of deep-pile nonnutritious breakfast cereal. The manufacturers guarantee that, should their furniture be inadvertently consumed, instant regurgitation and system-flushing with borax will relieve almost all complications requiring surgical care.



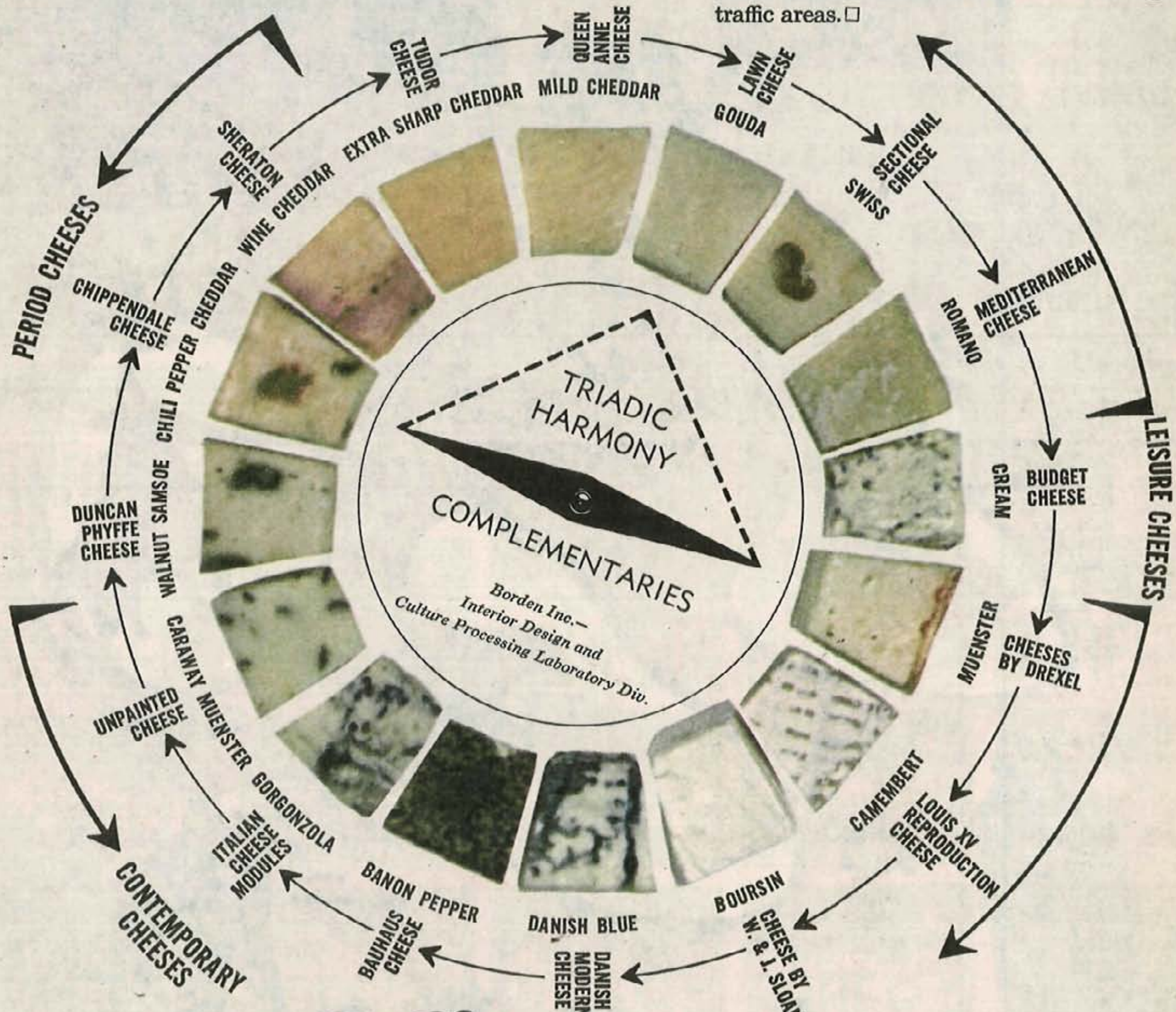
Secondhand Rose/Kraft Foods

Design Principle 4:

YESTERDAY IT WAS MOLDED PLASTIC... TODAY'S YOUNG HOMEMAKER LOVES THE LOOK OF MELTED CHEESE

In the den: A rugged masculine look here, you'll want to make maximum use of Macho Cheddar, adding an accent or two of Gouda around the fireplace. If you have to please a "pansy," skip the manly Cheddar and slather everything with runny Brie.

In the living room, you'll want to stick to time-tested American. Sliced American is nice, but expensive, and you may find that your client's purse requires extensive use of Velveeta or Cheez Whiz. In areas where durability is important, don't skimp, as Velveeta tends to revert to sour cream in high-traffic areas. □





We love Grandma now that she decorated our home in melted cheese.

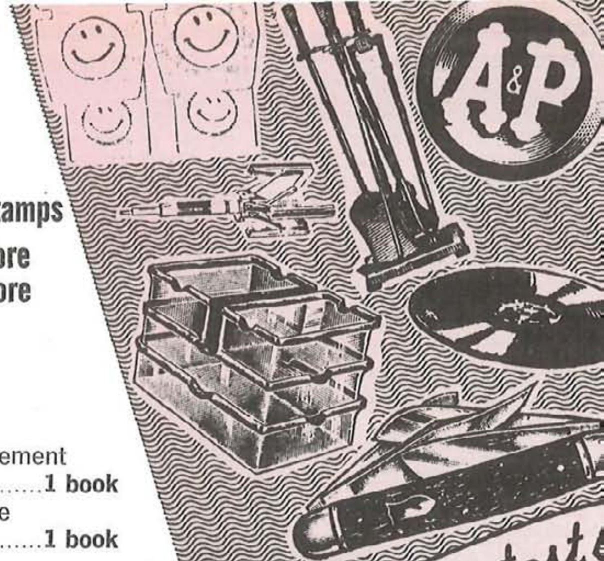

PABLO FANQUE
PROUDLY PRESENTS
THE FLYING COW!
SHOT FROM A CANNON!
NO NET!
LADY INGA'S
AMAZING
PERFORMING COWS
- featuring -
Uta,
THE UNICYCLIST
Rita,
THE ROLLER-SKATING JERSEY
"Clover Dell Queenie #1728"
WALKS THE HIGHWIRE!
Bella,
THE FIRE-BREATHING GUERNSEY! HOT CUD IN THE CENTER RING!
Annie the Ayshire COUNTS TO TWENTY!
Haymaas & Hornie
perform their astounding "walking man" act!
Lady Inga
PUTS HER HEAD INTO A COW'S MOUTH!
FRITZ-BRALY
LADY INGA'S PRODUCTION CLIMAXED BY A CHORUS LINE OF HEATED HEIFERS!


1
ONE
BORE
1



Bonnie Boredom Says:

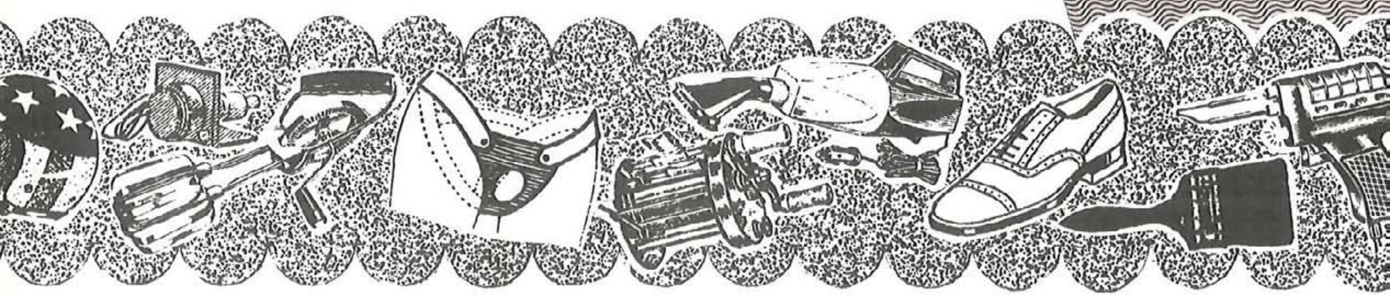
Everyone From Tots To Gramps
Loves Pasting In Their Boredom Stamps
The Family Craves My Gifts Galore
Because They're Certified To Bore



AX198	Emery Board	**2 books**
AX747	Matching Pen and Pencil Set	**1 book**
TX645	A&P's Own Brands—selection	**2 books**
56TPR	Trick or Treat for UNICEF Kit	**1 book**
76TYNG	Plastic Shirt-Pocket Pen Caddy with Company Name	**1 book**
87YTO	Car Wastebasket	**1 book**
56EPA	"Exact Change Only" Sign	**1 book**
X6LPY	Key Chain with Seahorse Embedded in Lucite	**2 books**
YMN83	"Your Advertisement Here" Sign	**1 book**
9K062	Soap with Rope in It	**1 book**
67TRS	Pocketable Galoshes	**1 book**
89YTR	Scandinavia	**5,000 books**
96UJC	Front Disc Brakes (pair)	**6 books**
94IUG	Rack and Pinion Steering Assemblage	**25 books**
6HYGD	Guppies (dozen)	**1 book**
6HYDD	Guppies, still alive (dozen)	**9 books**
XCHB6	Miniature Golf	**10 books**
XCHB7	Golf	**9 books**

Important Contest

Write a 25,000-word essay on the topic: "I prefer the Dewey Decimal System to any other known scheme of arranging books because . . ."



BONNIE BOREDOM'S FAVORITE BORING THINGS TO DO

1. Warm up in the bull-pen.
2. Hire the handicapped.
3. Increase your insurance to meet current needs.
4. Rotate your tires.
5. Put yourself:
   on hold.
   under oath.
   in escrow.

98UYT	Unitarians	**6 books each**
90IUJ	Violence	**1 book**
98UFG	Nonviolence	**3 books**
56RSA	The St. Lawrence Seaway	**905 books**
90UHG	Career Ladders for Paraprofessionals	**4 books per ladder**
876YT	Labor Day	**1 book**
98UHK	American Motors	**601 books**
80PLS	Wheat Surplus	**80 books per ton** (undelivered)
OPLMV	"Give a Damn" Sign	**1 book**
PKJ78	Dread Disease Poster Boys (Recovery Assured)	**130 books each**
PKJ79	Dread Disease Poster Boys (Recovery Possible)	**90 books each**
PKJ80	Dread Disease Poster Boys (Doomed)	**70 books each**
JFD10	Foreign Affairs	**18 books per affair**
JFD11	*Foreign Affairs* Magazine	**1 book**
90IHF	Top Executives	**3 books per executive**
786FS	Ornamental Corks for Whiskey Bottles	**1 book per cork**
90MON	Princess Grace	**809 books**
91NOM	Princess Phones	**9 books per phone**
09IUT	Name Tags You Sew in Your Clothes	**1 book**
908UTY	Patches You Iron on Your Clothes	**1 book**
OPUIJ	Insurance	**109 books per thousand**
908UI	Flood Relief	**900 books**
532WQ	Pregame Warm-Up	**1 book**
96WRQ	Postgame Wrap-up	**1 book**

BARGAIN BONUS

ANYTHING:

1. personalized
2. bronzed
3. individually wrapped
4. portable
5. spare
6. laminated
7. jumbo
8. miniature
9. economical
10. Danish
11. gift-wrapped
12. vest-pocket
13. franchised
14. by Edna Ferber

...........**1 book each**

Do You Think?

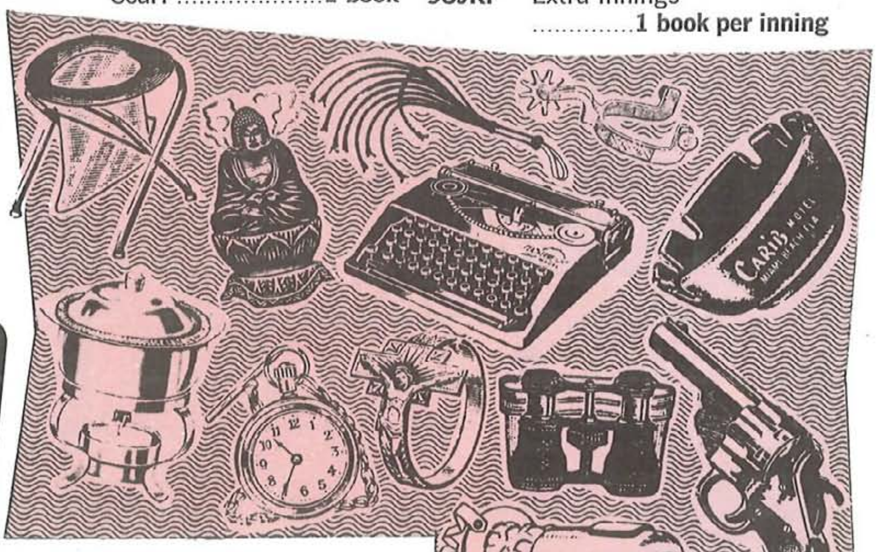
ANSWER THESE SIX BORING QUESTIONS

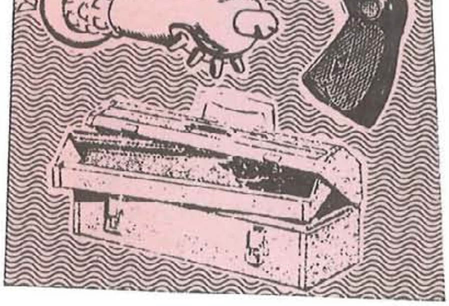
1. Do you feel that if you knew when you were going to die you would spend more time at amusement parks?
2. Do you feel that you'd be loyal to a mate who'd been in a coma for thirty years?
3. Do you feel that the current nostalgia craze will bring back polio?
4. Do you feel that North Vietnam has learned its lesson?
5. Do you think you'd feel embarrassed and degraded if the United States failed to reach Mars by 1980?
6. Do you think you'd enjoy a rock opera about Lieutenant Calley?

Illustrations by Michael Doret

YR43S Dress Shields (pair) ....**1 book**
97GHS Child's Portion......**1 book**
JUTC5 Junior Achievement Certificate ....**1 book**
9HGFO Absorbine Junior Certificate ....**3 books**
98UHG Thermopane Window ....**2 books**
87HGF Typewriter Eraser with a Little Broom on It....**1 book**
YT675S See-Thru Cigarette Lighter with a Fish Lure at the Bottom ....**1 book**
8HGV4 Batik Jacket ....**6 books**
SHGVX Scottish Tartan Skirt with a Giant Safety Pin in It ....**5 books**
7GFV2 Mateus Portuguese Rosé ....**3 books per bottle**
98UGH Macrame Dresser Scarf ....**1 book**

PKJVC A Book of Macrobiotic Recipes for Every Day of the Year ....**1 book**
9JKFC A Calendar with a Quote from the Works of Teilhard de Chardin for Every Day of the Year ....**1 book**
PJHVX Corliss Lamont ....**1 book**
87UGHT Upward Mobility (Board Game) ......**3 books**
78RFD Mild Diuretics ....**2 books per diuretic**
9IUHG Everett Dirksen's Will ....**10 books**
9IKLH Hawley-Smoot Tariff (facsimile) ....**8 books**
9IJ7F Port-A-San ....**12 books per unit**
KL875 Municipal Auditorium (your choice of city) ....**305 books**
98JKF Extra Innings ....**1 book per inning**





KJH19 Alimony ....**98 books per thousand per year**
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OPHG6 Balanced Diets........**4 books per diet**
78YTF Dating....**2 books per date**
89YTF Subcommittee hearings ....**1 book per hearing**
98HFG Linda McCartney ......**705 books**
98HFC Teeth......**4 books per tooth**
4FSDA Christmas Medleys ....**1 book per medley**
9CHYDA Caucasian Waitress in a Chinese Restaurant ....**2 books**
YGG9G Line-for-Line Copies of Mrs. Nikita Khrushchev's wardrobe....**90 books each**
YGFD5 A Recording of Baroness Nina Von Pallandt Reaching for High C ......**2 books**

98HFY Lamaze Method of Natural Childbirth (demonstration)....**4 books**
67GHT Semicolons ....**1 book each**
87YDA Creative Playthings ..**1 book for each plaything**
9UH65 Five-Year Light Bulbs............**2 books each**
65TH6 Fast Dancing Lessons ....**1 book**
65TH7 Slow Dancing Lessons ....**1 book**

continued

continued



Here's Fun
Match An Adjective At Left With The Correct Concept At Right, And Win Big Psychic Rewards

arid	air-pollution statistics
banal	amnesty proposals
bathetic	balance of trade
boring	behavioral-science breakthroughs
cloying	biological engineering
colorless	bussing issue
commonplace	cancer research
dismal	chromosome damage
drab	cibernetic revolution
dreary	Common Market
dull	conservation
endless	cost-of-living index
flat	counterculture
gray	cult murders
hackneyed	decentralization
humdrum	devaluation
ho-hum	diplomatic relations
inane	disarmament talks
indifferent	economic sanctions
insipid	ecumenical movement
interminable	emerging nations
irksome	endangered species
jejune	extrasensory perception
lackluster	famine
lifeless	Fascist resurgence
listless	gay liberation
monotonous	generation gap
moth-eaten	genocidal policies
nondescript	goodwill missions
old hat	heroin problem
overdone	holiday-death-toll predictions
pedestrian	information leaks
perfunctory	juntas
plain	labor unrest
pointless	legalized abortions
poky	Middle East crises
prosaic	mining disasters
repetitious	moral implications
soporific	natural disasters
stagnant	nonviolent protest
stale	nuclear holocaust
stodgy	organized crime
stuffy	penal reform
tame	plagues
tawdry	police brutality
tedious	population explosion
tepid	poverty programs
threadbare	race riots
tired	sexual revolution
tiresome	skyjacking
trite	socialized medicine
trivial	Soviet purges
unappealing	space
uninspired	suicide rate
unexciting	thermal inversion
uninteresting	Third World struggle
vapid	tribal warfare
warmed-over	urban renewal
wearisome	vivisection
wishy-washy	wage and price controls
worn-out	war-crime tribunals
zestless	welfare cases

Enter Bonnie Boredom's Drab Daughter Contest.

A simple registration process based on the election rituals of the Japanese (known the world over for their picturesque approach to democracy) enables you to vote for the Drab Daughter of your choice. The winner you elect will receive valueless prizes and will attend, as Bonnie's guest, a plenary meeting of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO©—for twenty years the first name in treaty organizations. A Leisure Legacy of John Foster Dulles).

- ☐ 1. Yes, I go for the blank stare of TRICIA NIXON.
- ☐ 2. Joe Stalin's girl SVETLANA gets my nod.
- ☐ 3. I like the way NANCY SINATRA fails to catch fire.
- ☐ 4. Nehru's daughter INDIRA GANDHI is the Drab Daughter I like most!

65TH8 Golda Meir's Golden Book of Israeli Folk Dancing ....**6 books**

76TFS Plasma (year's supply) ....**45 books**

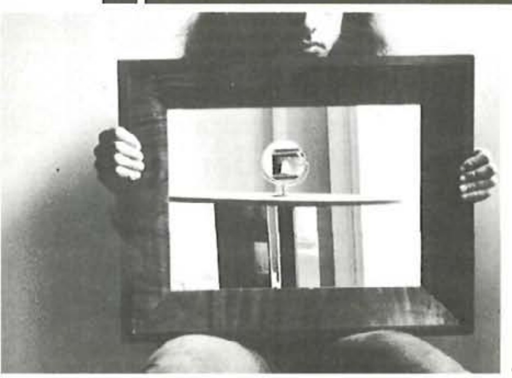
78GFD Club Mediterranee ....**13 books**

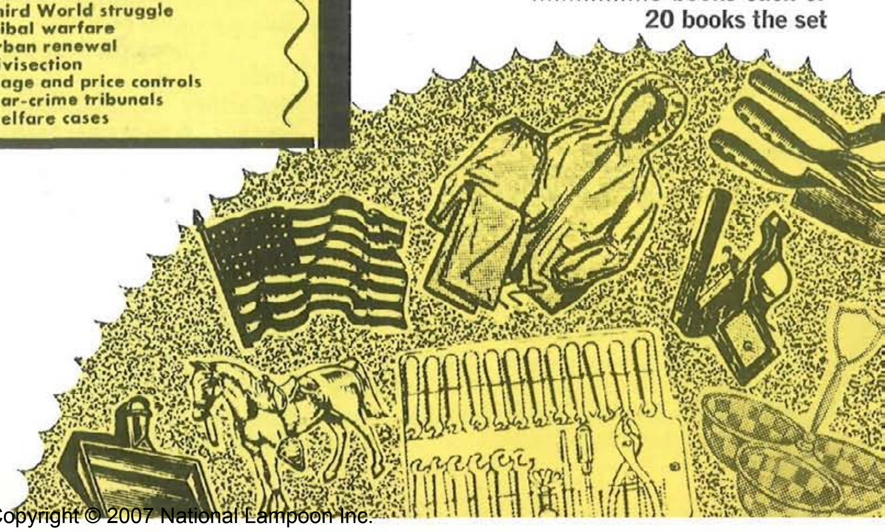
987FD Impaneled Grand Juries ....**25 books for two**

98GSQ Lord Snowden ....**14 books**

09JGV Lord Buxton ......**14 books**

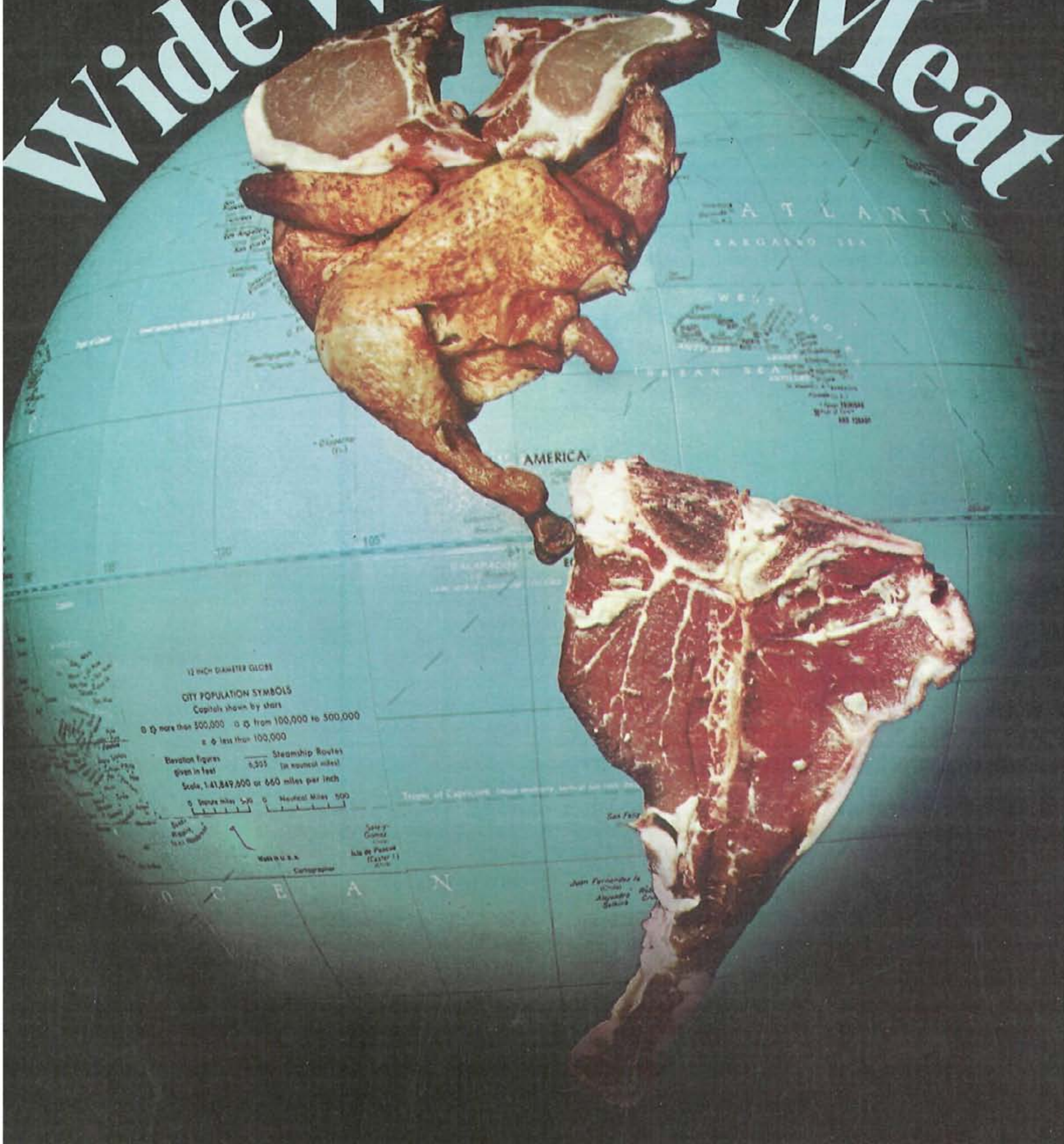
THF342 Coffee Table Book Bonus LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED IN THE MANNER OF A MEDIEVAL ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT, **THE TRES BORING HEURES OF** (your pick)
Dita Beard
Gunnar Jarring
Baby Lenore
Edith Irving
Kurt Von Waldheim
...............**5 books each or 20 books the set**





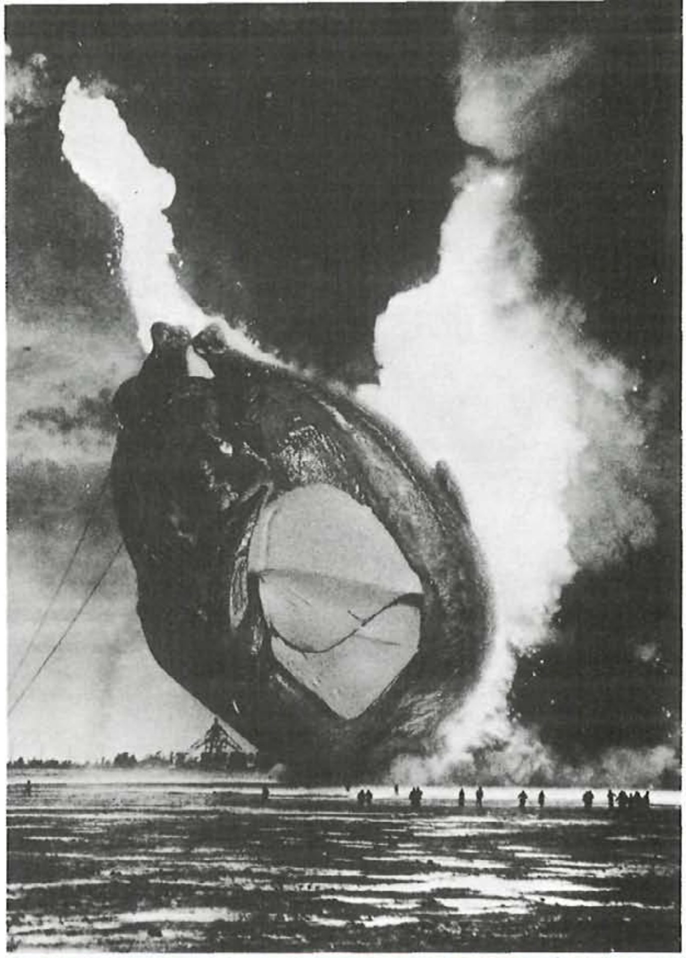
Tony Hendra's

Wide World of Meat

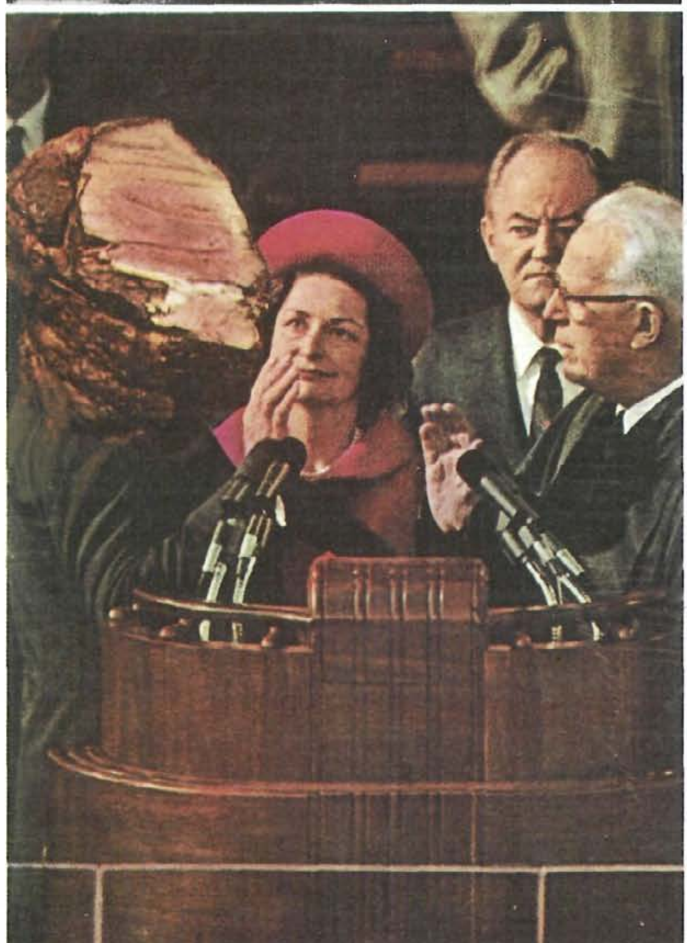


Photocollage by Ron Barrett

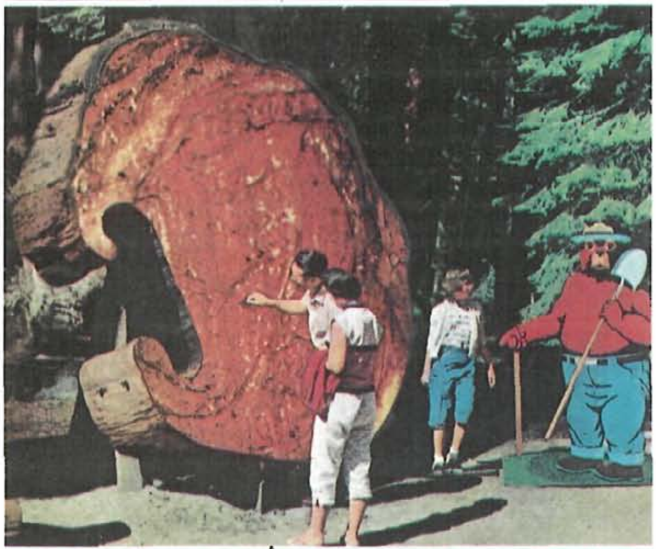
From the moment God cooked Adam's goose with a sparerib to the time his Son served Himself for supper, through all the ages in which fat was rendered unto Caesar and Sir Loincelot rode to the Meate d'Arthur, honest Dutch burghers ignored the Rump Parliament and millions of tons of perfectly good ground round was buried in the poppy fields of Amiens while children starved in China, fundamental questions have been raised regarding meat. As the German pessimist Flanken has it in his monumental *Meataphysics*, "Are we not merely meat arranged to facilitate the passage of irrelevant electric currents? And if so can we not eat our sister?" Other questions crowd the plate. Will the meat inherit the earth? In a tight spot should you sell your chicken stock? What is a sweetbread? Perhaps we shall never know, but of one thing we can be certain: meat was never meant to fly. Thus on May 6, 1937, the 7,630,000-cubic-foot, 804-foot-long Hindenbird, largest turkey ever to cross the Atlantic, caught fire at its moorings in Lakehurst, New Jersey, and burned to a crisp.



From the ashes of tragedy comes forth a rib roast. In 1963 meat finally makes the grade in its long journey from humble pie to *prime inter pares*. Sworn in by the successor to Frankfurter and precursor of Burger, Chef Warren, the Bird made Flesh embarks on a stomach-boggling Administration, including the war in Meatnam, the Grade-A Society, and, with the help of his First Lady, herself a toothsome 140 pounds of choice Texan tartare, the Meatification of America.







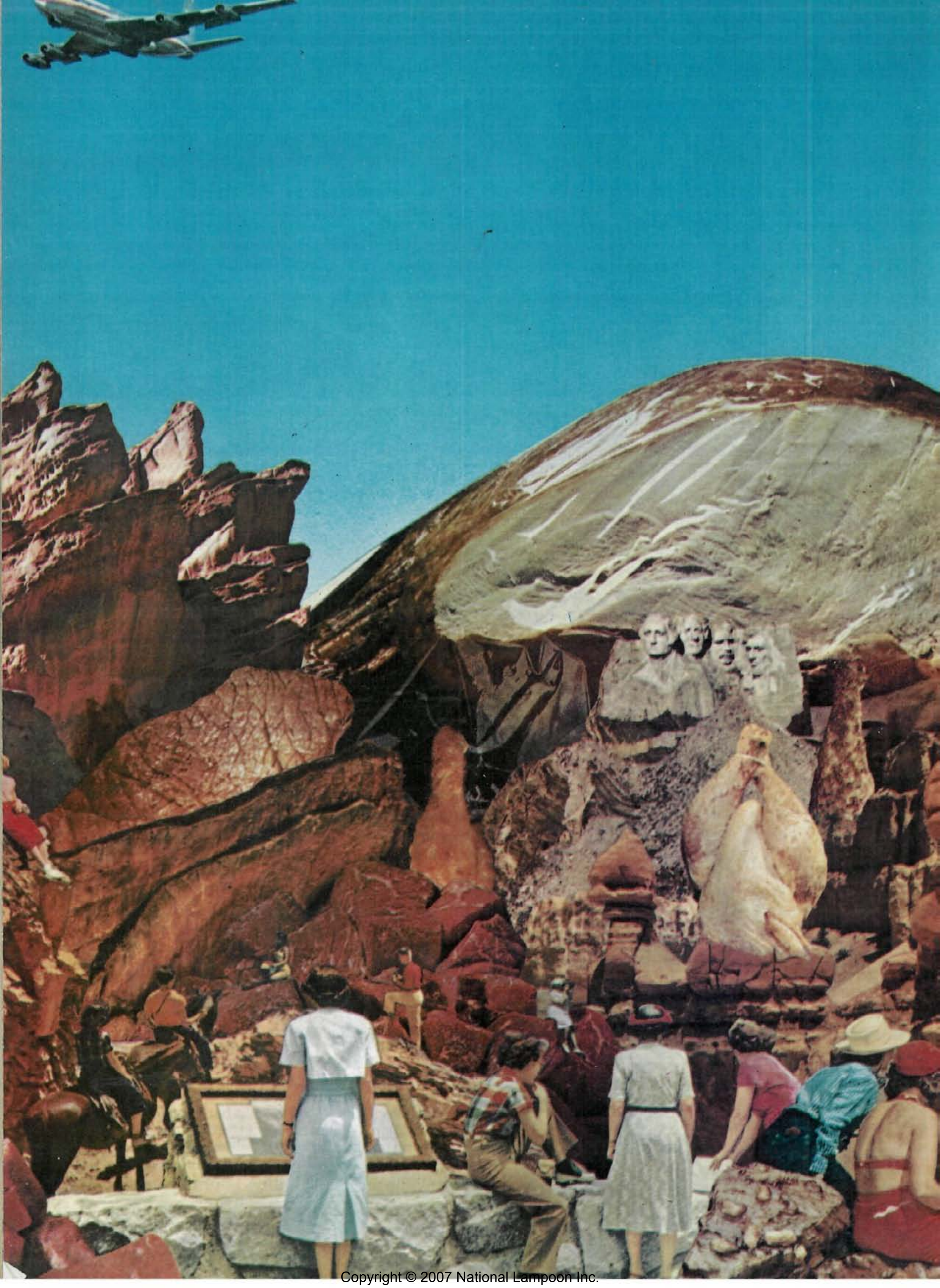


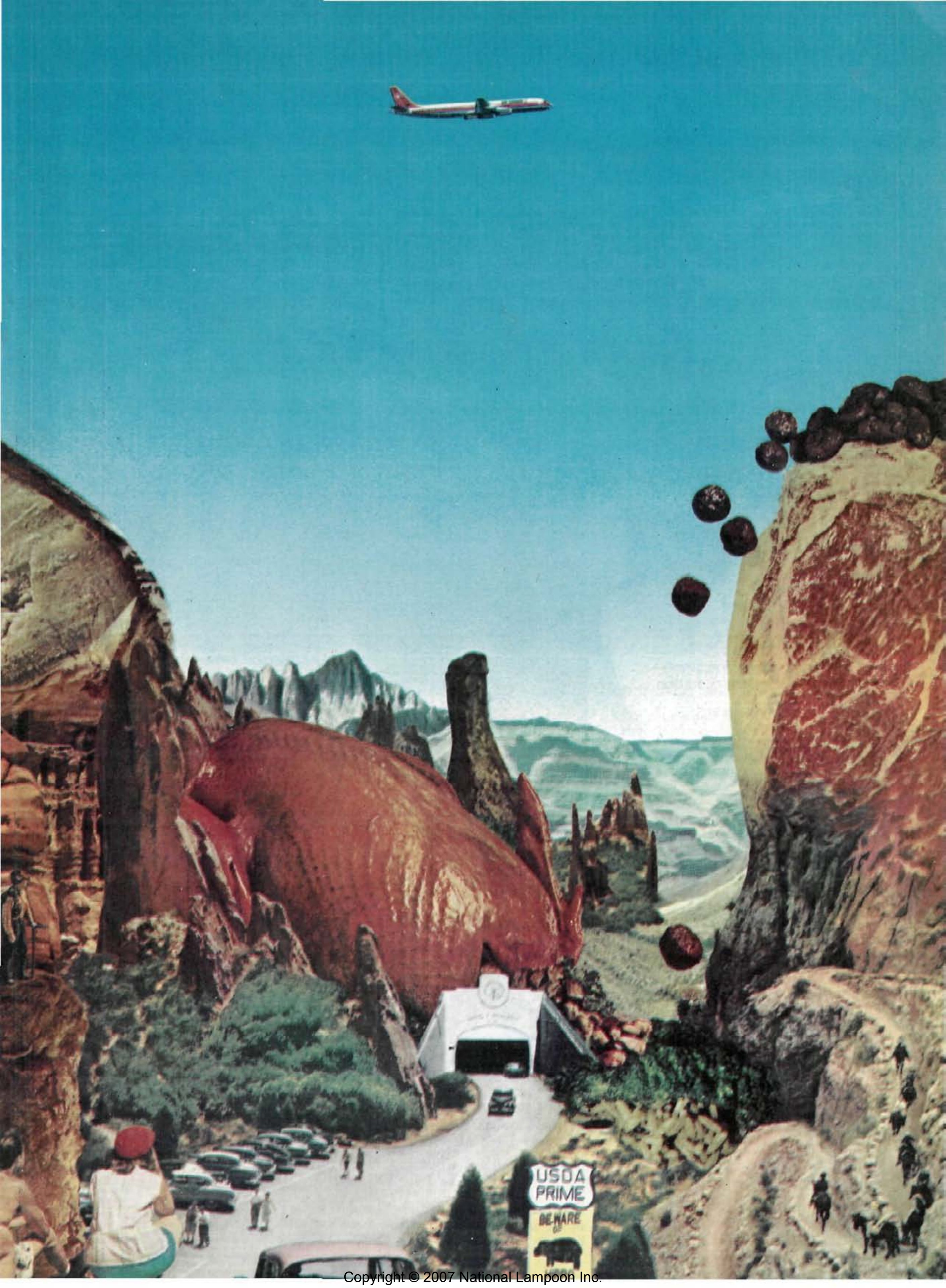
Above: Recipe for relaxation: Loin lies down with limb and weenie with wahine to grill gently in a moderate Florida sun.

Visitors to the fabulous redmeat forests of Northern California examine a steak (*left*) that has been aged for more than five thousand years. Conservationists are concerned that the redmeat trees, widely used in the manufacture of Americans, are not being replaced as fast as they are being logged.

Elsewhere in the redmeat forests youngsters smack their chops over the amazing Petrified Hamburger (*below, left*), discarded countless millennia ago by a brontosaurus with the blahs. Paleontologists have as yet failed to unearth the amazing Petrified Sesame Bun it came on.

Over: Rising in majestic splendor from the fertile platters of the Midwest, USDA National Pork presents a mouth-watering vista to the astonished tourist. Dominated by Mount Butterball (7,365 feet, $1.39 per pound), the Pork is considered to be the most remarkable occurrence of natural meat in the free world. Visitors may feast their eyes on the extraordinary formations of Marble Beef Heights and Jerky Ridge, shoot the Gravy Rapids, hear the passing wind in Kielbasa Caverns, or ride tall up Brisket Bluff to see the business end of a meatball avalunch. A leisurely drive north through Moby Duck—a tunnel has been blasted out of the sheer stuffing—takes one past the timeless Spam quarries and on across the eerie landscape of the Ham Flats, toward the sun-kissed sirloin tips of the horizon and the primeval drama of Rising Gorge.



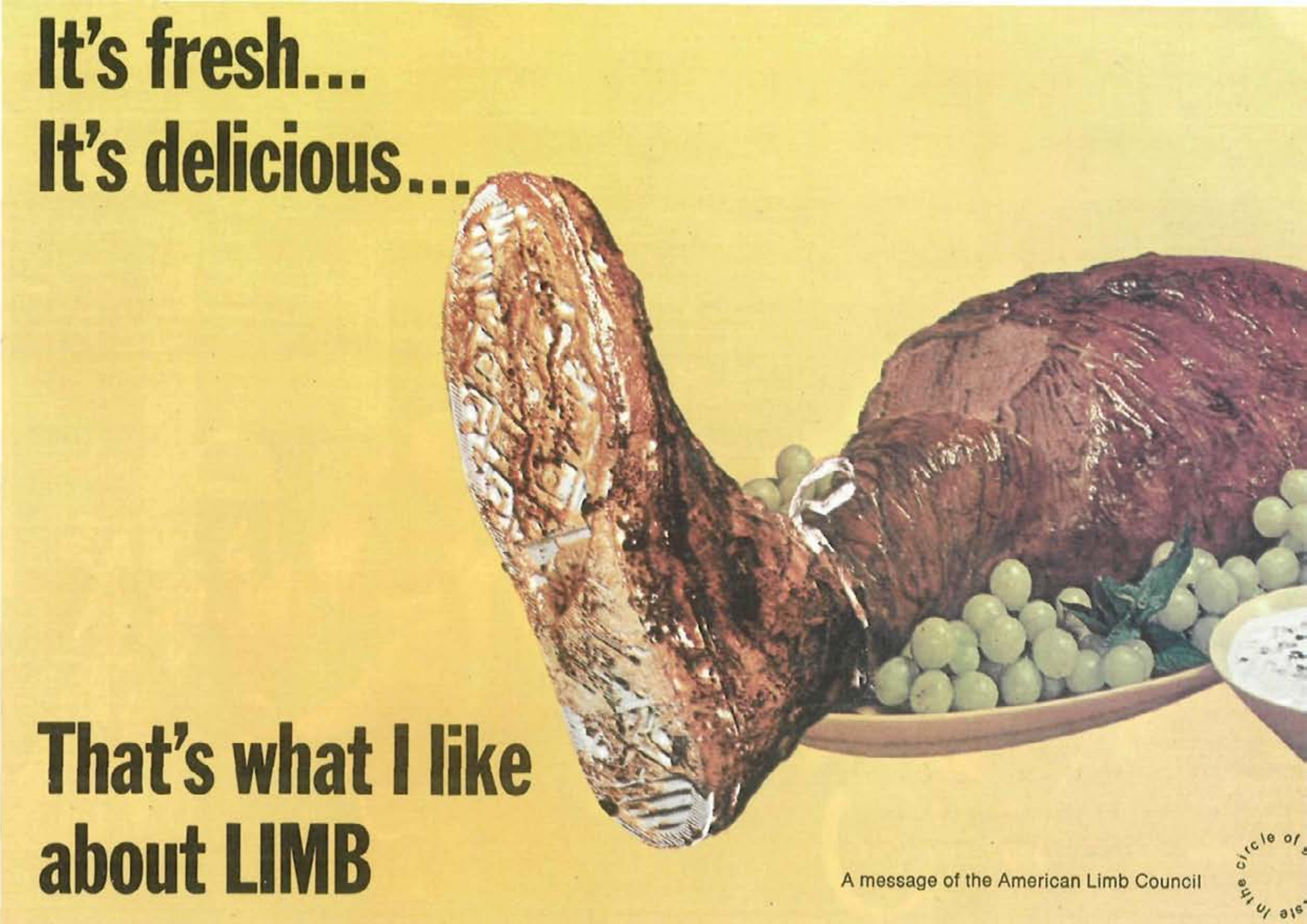

USDA
PRIME
BEWARE



6:00 P.M. and time for the news—
Meat Lai thrills a hungry nation.



With obvious relish Mr. Frost devours a tasty guest—Ofelia Miñon, Miss Argentina 1972 and Playmeat of the Month. Miss Miñon, discovered while working for the French magazine *Vealités,* has been seen around town with gridiron idol Chuck Roast (shank-end for the Detroit Loins) and is understandably of the opinion that American meat is hard to beat.



Excerpts from the Presidential Commission Report on World Population and Food Production

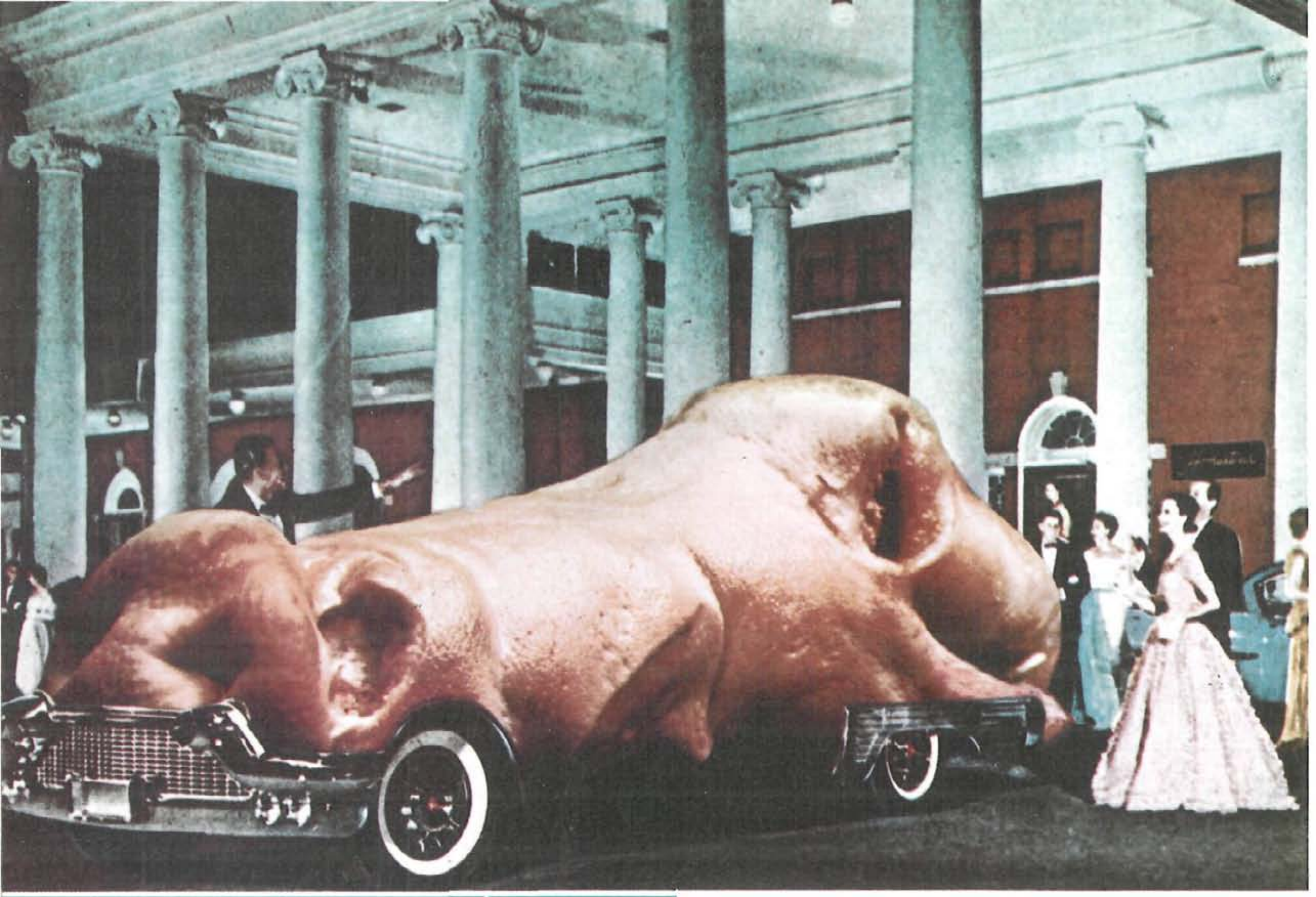
". . . the apparently lethal paradox that exists when a factor that is constantly expanding (the human race) is dependent on an environment that at some point remains constant (world food supply) can be resolved by the simplest of definitions. All that needs to be done is to redefine that portion of a population that is in excess of its ideal size, not as population but as food. This element is consumed, leaving a balanced population, which, through further reproduction, ensures a continuing source of still more consumable units . . ."

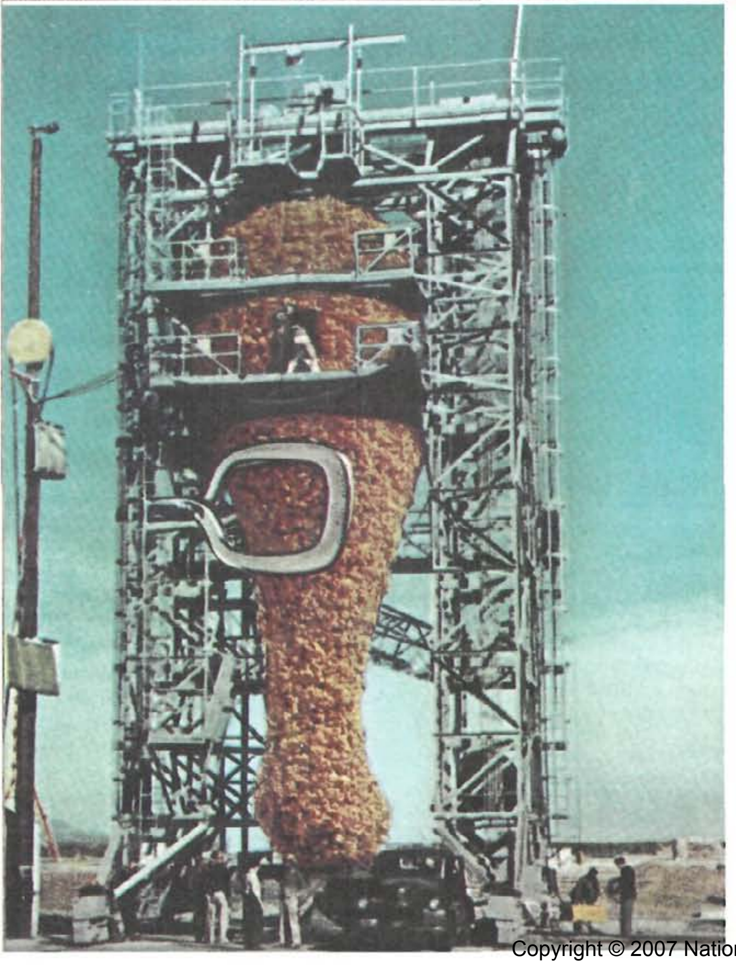
"We will now examine a practical application of the program in a major territorial area. India's present postpeak population of 600,000,000 and its established optimum peak of 180,000,000 implies an attrition total of 420,000,000 over twenty years, or twenty regularly decreasing increments, starting with a program-inception high of 40,000,000 through a program-completion low of 2,000,000 (DPPP). Current birthrate stands at forty per thousand with growth rate at 2.01, implying child consumption of twenty per thousand at program-inception through one per thousand at program-completion (PGR).

Program-inception in India would thus generate, under DPPP, 40,000,000 adult units at a mean live weight (semi-malnourished) of seventy-five pounds, or three billion pounds. Under PGR, 12,000,000 child units would be generated at a mean live weight of twenty pounds, or 240,000,000 pounds, a total of just under 3.25 billion pounds. Post-peak population being reduced to 560,000,000 by eat-back, every surviving man, woman, and child in India would receive at program-inception 6.43 pounds of meat.

Since in India roughly 10 percent of the population is in no need of extra sustenance, and since roughly 10 percent of the population is to be consumed, it would act as a great incentive to families affected by the lottery if they received the unwanted 10 percent in exchange for cooperation. In other words, when a parent or family presented a consumable unit to its local reception-distribution center, it would receive an additional 6.43 pounds of meat per unit over and above the statutory issue. Thus some individuals, widows, for instance, could receive as much as 12.86 pounds of meat in toto. . . ."

"In conclusion the Commission is aware that the present program is much less drastic than the original proposals placed before it by the Chief Executive and his advisers. These were felt to be a little gross, and, if the present program is considered a compromise, it is only because, under its provisions, the most a man can take from his neighbor is his neighbor. The Commission's overriding conviction has always been that no one, least of all a child, should be excluded from the banquet of life. It is an inalienable right. And among the 42.8113 children who will have died in the time it takes to read this report, there were indisputably several who had that right."





Above: Taste the classic elegance of American design. General Meats' top-of-the-line for '73. A sleek roaster, boned and rolled throughout. Lays lard with the best of them, yet boasts a specially tenderized interior for the ultimate in comfort. Revolutionary safety snout built to withstand up to 10-m.p.h. impact. Body by Butcher. Live high off the hog in '73. You won't regret it.

Is there intelligent meat on other planets? At Cape Carnivoral (*left*), a team of experts labor round the clock to prepare Pollo I for its historic flight in search of the answer to this and other timeless secrets of the universe, answers that cannot but have the profoundest implications for the future of all meatkind. □

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DECEMBER, 1972

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THE JOURNAL OF THE
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
WASHINGTON, D.C.

$8.00 A YEAR

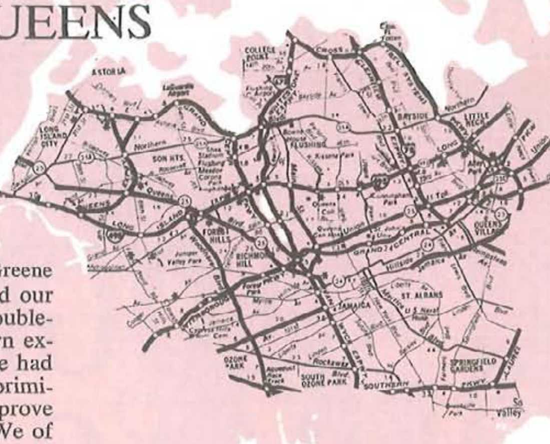
$1.00 A COPY

by Dean Latimer and Sean Kelly

BY LAND ROVER THROUGH FORGOTTEN QUEENS

Your Society's Expedition Finds That This Primitive Borough Has Some Links to Contemporary Civilization

BY TALIAFERRO JONES



Photographs by Emerson Greene

Queens: As we drew near, the very sound of the name quickened our pulse. After checking our supply of attractive trinkets, and double-checking our Land Rover, we pushed on once more. Few modern expeditions had penetrated to the center of Queens, and although we had heard from every reliable source that its inhabitants, aimless and primitive, existed at the cultural subsistence level, we were anxious to prove that there was something of value to be learned in a trip there. We of the Society have discovered that no part of the world, however savage and remote, is without interest. We have found that people, however far back in the wake of evolution and progress, are always, or almost always, human, and therefore worthy of cursory scientific voyeurism at the very least.

It was with these convictions in mind that our expedition had crossed the treacherous East River and begun the journey into the very heart of this forbidding fogbound peninsula. Once across the river we had encountered, as many had before us, a buffer region inhabited by cultural mulattoes, who, although ethnically of the Queens race of white men, nevertheless displayed many of the traits we regard as "civilized." We did not tarry long here, for our mission was to encounter if we could the Queens culture in its pure form. What now did we hope to find?

We had heard that each autumn ritual games were held in a gigantic amphitheater called "Shay." We had heard that, after the ceremonial imbibing ("go Chug-a-Lug") of a rather repulsive, slightly intoxicating beverage called "Shay-fur" (evidently, "drink of Shay") the natives of Queens engaged in an extraordinary religious celebration involving reverent, almost fanatical, screams in honor of the harvest god METZ. In order to witness this, we hoped to secure the cooperation of the

(*continued on page 4557*)

The Cowper clan, a typical Queens affinity unit, consists of the primarily monogamous male-female "parent" couple and two offspring, plus a totem animal—in this case the bear "Yho-Gee." Their dwelling is neat and clean but undistinguished as to architecture and constructed on an infirm foundation. It is also felt to be inhabited by a maleficent spirit called "Mor'gidge."





Astonished at the complexity of Queens culture, we collected a broad variety of artifacts. Working in such bizarre materials as aluminum foil, plastic, and rubber, native craftsmen display unsuspected ability and are even familiar with the rudiments of ceramic china.



"Tee-vee," consisting of broiled meat and a vegetable, is the most common form of food in Queens. It is customarily served in aluminum-foil trays before the "toob," a machine through which are broadcast the common myths of Queens culture. These myths are unique in the history of human cultures, for they are found boring even by the natives whose lives are informed by them.



The "Chug-a-Lug" ritual inspires Queens natives with a state of intoxication not unlike the frenzy of the old Dionysiac revels. Participants imbibe fermented hops and barley from cylindrical aluminum cans, which are afterward arranged in the common pyramidical formation. Males are admitted to the "Chug-a-Lug" in early adolescence, women later.

photos by Bruce Baccn



Terrified of Jun-Ki, a local maleficent spirit, the Cowper clan initially mistrusted us but soon formed a warm attachment to the Land Rover and spent hours admiring and fondling it. After that they were soon won over individually by simple trinkets and baubles.



Natives "go Chug-a-Lug" when invited by us to don little-used traditional formal tribal apparel. They seized on the occasion to drink several liters of "Shay-fur" and perform such ritual dances as the "jidder bug," the "tsa-tsa," the "lyn-dee," and the "twis." The following day they were possessed by a spirit called "Henguvver." □



Millbrook East
Dr. Timothy Leary
Lake Lucerne W2
Switzerland



Hi, kids! This is your old pal, Dr. Timothy Leary, writing from my simple chalet in Switzerland, where I'm in hiding from the pigs! I bet you're wondering why I'm here instead of in Algeria with Eldridge and Kathleen and the rest of the Revolution. Well, it's a long story, but you'd have to elevate your consciousness to a higher understanding of Ecstasy and Revolution before you could absorb it all.

Want to know how to do this, elevate your consciousness and get where I am? Well, drugs are out, you know, they're counterrevolutionary. Yes, the only real way to gain true wisdom is to study the great works of the ancients, and of course Mao and General Giap and Eldridge. And it just so happens that on their recent trip to China, the Black Panthers found a beautiful holy book called the I Chink! This book is the very latest wisdom of the ancients, and goes deeper and farther and wider than any other ancient book ever written on the subject.

Now I suppose you'll be asking, "Where can I get a copy of this groovy great book?" Well, for the time being, you can only get it by writing to me at Millbrook East, Lake Lucerne W2, Switzerland. Send $12 for a copy from my very own stock of I Chinks: they're printed on authentic Chinese rice paper, and the I Chink works only on real Chinese rice paper--so if some unscrupulous capitalist pig down-bummer ripoff AmeriKan bookseller tries to peddle you a pirate copy printed on plain old Canadian wood pulp, you should just bomb his place! Armed love!

But that's not all that's special about the I Chink. Instead of those clumsy, redundant hexagrams you're used to, the I Chink cuts straight through to the essential reality with quatrains! Cleaner, sharper, less bullshit. Also, that means you only need two yarrowstalks--two official I Chink yarrowstalks, made of real Chinese banyan, available only from me at the above address for only $6 a set. Otherwise the I Chink won't tell you a thing, it's that cool.

To really get into the I Chink, though, you'll need an authentic I Chink casting mat of real Chinese plastic to tumble your yarrowstalks on. And an I Chink robe and an I Chink skullcap, each for $3.75 from me, plus postage and shipping. Or get the entire I Chink Self-Illumination Kit, only $3. Make your check out to Dr. Timothy Leary, Millbrook East, Lake Lucerne W2, Switzerland.

Timmy

The I Chink

THE BOOK OF STASIS by Dean Latimer

Know, O suppliant Mortal, that the *I Chink©* represents the accumulated wisdom of nearly two generations of priests at the Temple of the Yawning Buddha at Tsinghen during the Han Dynasty, circa A.D. 1750–1820. Instructed by the illustrious Shogun T'shen Wen Fen to produce an accounting for tax revenues absorbed by the temple, the wise priests thereof lapsed into a divine meditation for forty years and spoke not, nor emerged from the temple, until they had created the *I Chink©*. The illustrious T'shen's successor, the wicked Pro Ko-Fef, then impounded the holy work in the forbidden Circular File and set the reverend monks to performing onerous burdens and meaningless tasks about the highways and parks of Tsinghen.

Nevertheless, the wisdom of the *I Chink©* survived and has subtly permeated the thoughts and works of great Chinese men ever since. In 1892 the governor of Sinkaing employed the *I Chink©* to determine the appropriate wife for his son from a choice of three wealthy maidens. With his thusly chosen bride the youth flourished, growing into a promising man who would have benefited the district greatly, had he not been mysteriously poisoned the very night his father also was murdered by unseen assassins. In 1900 the *I Chink©* was employed to set the date for the celebration of the Emperor's birthday in Peking, and the festivities were splendid and unmarred except by torrential rains. The warlord Fe Fi Fo cast the *I Chink©* in 1911 to devise the formations by which his army would counter the forces of Sun Yat-Sen. And in 1970 the celebrated physician Tim Le-Ray consulted the *I Chink©* for advice on whether to remain in prison or yield his bodily safety and well-being to the Weathermen and the Black Panthers.

QUATRAINS

I

————————
———————— **A Mos**
————————
————————

Three Falls to the Finish
No Fault—No Holds Barred
The superior man puts his money on Haystack Calhoun.

The Asparagus is under the Turtle. The Wind is from ENE at 12 m.p.h., temp. 72° F., temp./hum. index .92. This indicates that movement toward a fruition, though steady, is temporarily retarded, and light rain can be expected.

Changes To

——— ———
———————— **An Di**
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The Manson Family
No Fault—No Soap
The superior man votes for a law-and-order sheriff.

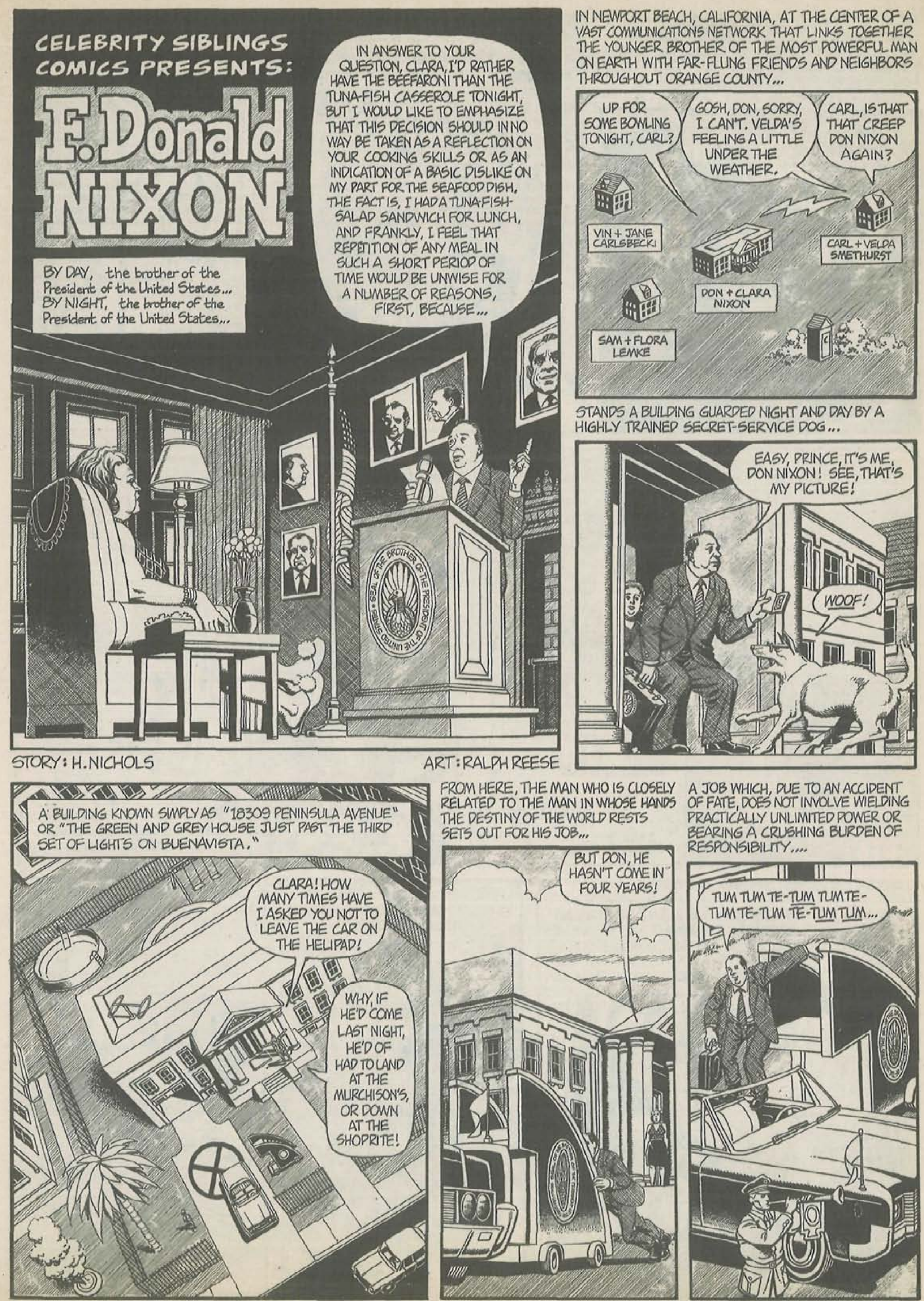
The King is in the countinghouse, while the Maids raid the icebox. A steady accumulation of Capital is being accrued, while a minor attrition is being sustained. The superior man ignores trifling depletions of his revenue as long as income overcompensates overhead by a factor of 80 percent or more. He declines to take direct action, considering that a minor lapse of coordinated function may be subsumed into the normal functioning of the total organism and become thus of itself a normal function. SIT TIGHT, but keep an eye on the personnel director.

II

————————
——— ———
———————— **M'um Bo**
————————

The Divided Highway
No Fault—No Passing on the Left
The superior man will not pass on the

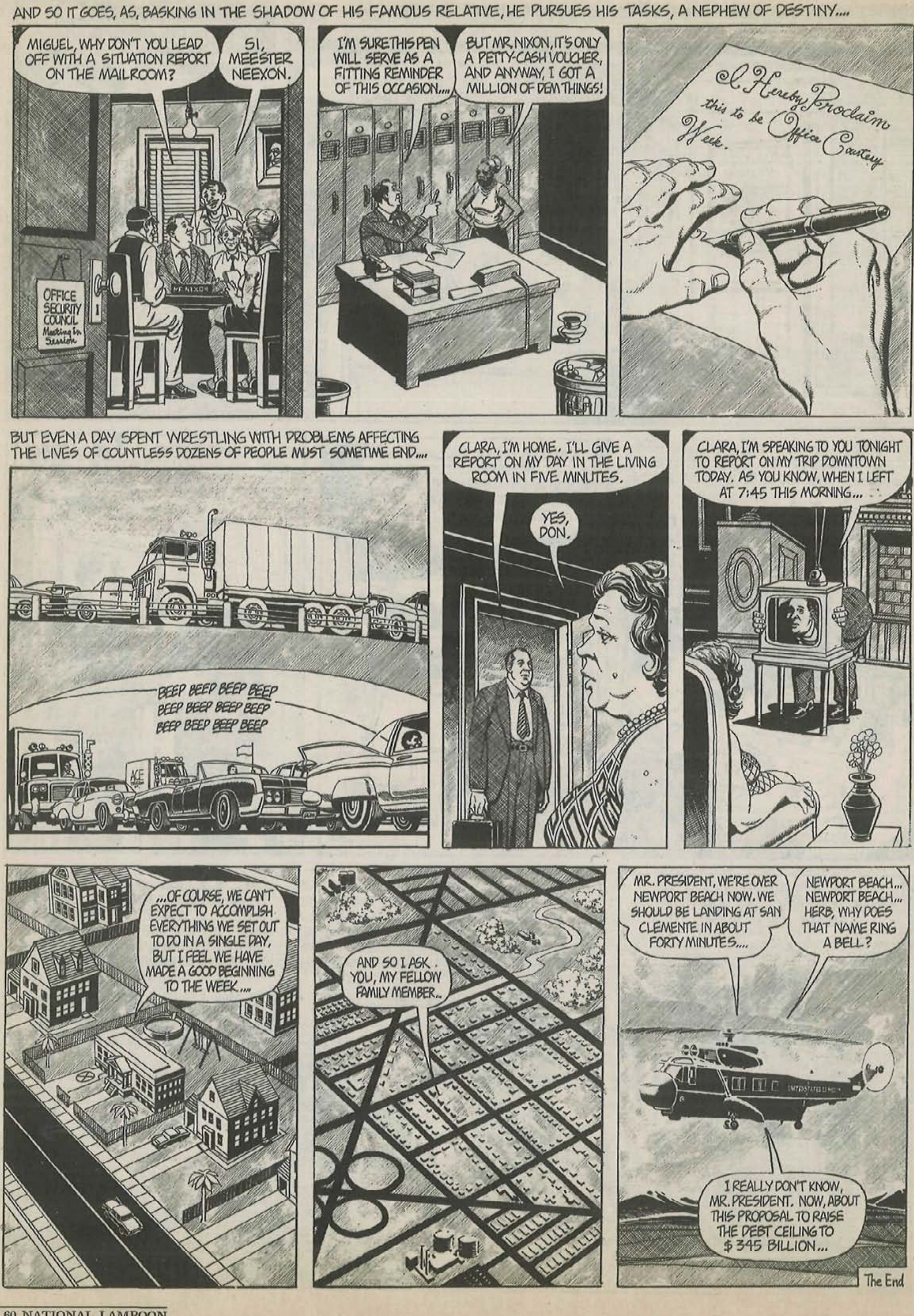
continued on page 78


CELEBRITY SIBLINGS COMICS PRESENTS:
F. Donald NIXON
BY DAY, the brother of the President of the United States... BY NIGHT, the brother of the President of the United States...
IN ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION, CLARA, I'D RATHER HAVE THE BEEFARONI THAN THE TUNA-FISH CASSEROLE TONIGHT, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO EMPHASIZE THAT THIS DECISION SHOULD IN NO WAY BE TAKEN AS A REFLECTION ON YOUR COOKING SKILLS OR AS AN INDICATION OF A BASIC DISLIKE ON MY PART FOR THE SEAFOOD DISH. THE FACT IS, I HAD A TUNA-FISH-SALAD SANDWICH FOR LUNCH, AND FRANKLY, I FEEL THAT REPETITION OF ANY MEAL IN SUCH A SHORT PERIOD OF TIME WOULD BE UNWISE FOR A NUMBER OF REASONS. FIRST, BECAUSE...
SEAL OF THE BROTHER OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
STORY: H. NICHOLS
ART: RALPH REESE
IN NEWPORT BEACH, CALIFORNIA, AT THE CENTER OF A VAST COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK THAT LINKS TOGETHER THE YOUNGER BROTHER OF THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH WITH FAR-FLUNG FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS THROUGHOUT ORANGE COUNTY...
UP FOR SOME BOWLING TONIGHT, CARL?
GOSH, DON, SORRY, I CAN'T. VELDA'S FEELING A LITTLE UNDER THE WEATHER.
CARL, IS THAT THAT CREEP DON NIXON AGAIN?
VIN + JANE CARLSBECKI
CARL + VELDA SMETHURST
DON + CLARA NIXON
SAM + FLORA LEMKE
STANDS A BUILDING GUARDED NIGHT AND DAY BY A HIGHLY TRAINED SECRET-SERVICE DOG...
EASY, PRINCE, IT'S ME, DON NIXON! SEE, THAT'S MY PICTURE!
WOOF!
A BUILDING KNOWN SIMPLY AS "18309 PENINSULA AVENUE" OR "THE GREEN AND GREY HOUSE JUST PAST THE THIRD SET OF LIGHTS ON BUENAVISTA."
CLARA! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I ASKED YOU NOT TO LEAVE THE CAR ON THE HELIPAD!
WHY, IF HE'D COME LAST NIGHT, HE'D OF HAD TO LAND AT THE MURCHISON'S, OR DOWN AT THE SHOPRITE!
FROM HERE, THE MAN WHO IS CLOSELY RELATED TO THE MAN IN WHOSE HANDS THE DESTINY OF THE WORLD RESTS SETS OUT FOR HIS JOB...
BUT DON, HE HASN'T COME IN FOUR YEARS!
A JOB WHICH, DUE TO AN ACCIDENT OF FATE, DOES NOT INVOLVE WIELDING PRACTICALLY UNLIMITED POWER OR BEARING A CRUSHING BURDEN OF RESPONSIBILITY....
TUM TUM TE-TUM TUM TE-TUM TE-TUM TE-TUM TUM...



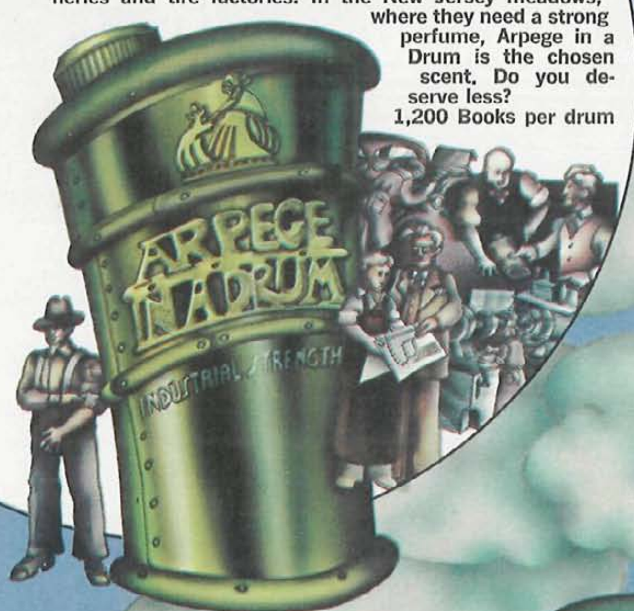
AND AS HE TRAVELS, HE KNOWS THERE IS AN INFINITESIMALLY SMALL, BUT STILL REAL, POSSIBILITY THAT HE MAY BE THE TARGET OF A BULLET INTENDED FOR HIS DISTINGUISHED RELATIVE, FIRED BY AN ASSASSIN WHO IS UNUSUALLY DERANGED, VERY STUPID, OR JUST PLAIN LAZY.
TOO BAD THE KIDS ARE ALL GROWN UP. I REALLY MISS THAT BICYCLE ESCORT...
BUT WITH THIS AWESOME PROXIMITY TO POWER ALSO COMES BOTH THE SATISFACTION OF PUBLIC RECOGNITION...
MARRIOTT INC.
JEEZ, MISTER, YOU LOOK SORT OF FAMILIAR! NOW, HOLD IT, DON'T TELL ME, LET ME GUESS... WAIT, I'VE GOT IT, YOU'RE DOM DELUISE!
OH HARRY, LEAVE THE POOR MAN ALONE!
ACTUALLY, I'M DONALD NIXON, BROTHER OF THE...
WHO?
HONESTLY, HARRY, HE'S JUST SOME SALESMAN OR SOMETHING! I'M AWFUL SORRY, MISTER, BUT HARRY IS SUCH A NUT ON CELEBRITIES....C'MON, HARRY, LET'S GO!
IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I AM SORT OF A CELEBRITY IN A WAY.... YOU SEE, I'M THE BROTHER OF...
DID HE SAY DAVID NIVEN? HE DOESN'T LOOK ANYTHING LIKE DAVID NIVEN.... HE'S TOO SHORT, HE'S TOO FAT, AND HE HAS A FACE LIKE A POTATO!
I THOUGHT HE SAID RONALD McDONALD, BUT I COULDN'T TELL IF HE WAS, I MEAN, HIM NOT BEING ALL DRESSED UP IN HIS HAMBURGER COSTUME OR ANYTHING.
... THE BROTHER OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
... AND THE OBLIGATION OF PUBLIC SUPPORT....
HEY, TOM, DID YOU CATCH THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH LAST NIGHT?
YOU'RE GODDAMN RIGHT I DID! THAT NO-GOOD ZZ☆☆☆∅@##∅ DICK NIXON! HE'S SOLD US OUT TO THE CHINKS, HE'S SOLD US OUT TO THE RUSSKIES, AND NOW HE'S PROBABLY TAKING BIDS FROM THE ALBANIANS!
... ALTHOUGH MY VIEWS DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THOSE OF MY BROTHER, I FEEL I SHOULD TRY TO PUT OUR FOREIGN POLICY IN PERSPECTIVE...
FOR ONE THING, THE STRATEGIC ADVANTAGES OF ACCOMMODATION ARE NUMEROUS....
OH, MR. NIXON, YOU HAB' A CALL FROM DE PREZEEDENT OB SUMPTIN' OR UDDER... I DIDN'T QUITE KETCH IT...
THANK YOU, VIOLA.
RECEPTIONIST
MA
2


AS ALLEN DULLES, MILTON EISENHOWER, AND ROBERT KENNEDY DID IN THEIR TIME, HE MUST STAND READY FOR THE UNEXPECTED CALL...
F. DONALD NIXON Vice-President MARRIOTT HOTELS BROTHER of the PRESIDENT of the United States
HELLO? HELLO, DICK?
DON, THIS IS VINCE GORDON, PRESIDENT OF THE JAYCEES... LISTEN, DON, WE'RE A LITTLE SHORT OF PEOPLE FOR THE SOFTBALL GAME WITH THE KIWANIS ON SATURDAY....
...OR A SUDDEN SUMMONS TO GREATNESS....
The White House
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Mr. Ronald Dixon
Vice Pres. Marriott, Inc.
3345 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90009
Dear Mr. Dixon
The President thanks you
or taking the time to express your
ews on those good old days
Whittier.
The President regrets that it
is impossible for him to make
personal reply, but wishes to
assure you that he will give your
opinion, and that of other con-
ed citizens great weight when
considering this issue.
Sincerely,
BUT AS HE WAITS, THERE ARE OTHER MATTERS CLOSER TO HAND, FOR HIS TALENTS AS A MEMBER OF A GIFTED FAMILY HAVE NOT GONE UNNOTICED....
MR. NIXON, I DONE ALMOS' FORGOT. MR. MARRIOTT WANTED TO SEE YOU JES' AS SOON AS YOU DONE COME IN....
ALL RIGHT, VIOLA.
I CERTAINLY HOPE J.W. LIKED THE IDEA OF HAVING LITTLE COTTAGE-CHEESE AND CATSUP CONTAINERS ADDED TO OUR IN-FLIGHT CATERING MENUS....
DON, GOOD TO SEE YOU! WE'VE MISSED YOU AROUND HERE. I HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER.
WELL, ACTUALLY, J.W., I HAVEN'T BEEN SICK...
NOW ISN'T THAT SILLY OF ME, DON! OF COURSE NOT! YOU'VE BEEN ON VACATION! SAY, LOOKS LIKE THE REST DID YOU GOOD!
WELL, NO, J.W., I HAVEN'T BEEN ON VACATION. I'VE BEEN RIGHT HERE ALL ALONG. GUESS I GOT A LITTLE WRAPPED UP IN THAT PENCIL SHORTAGE.
MARRIOTT INC. J.W. Marriott PRESIDENT
HA HA... OF COURSE, YES, RIGHT YOU ARE! LISTEN, DON, I'VE GOT A PROJECT THAT NEEDS A MAN WITH EXPERIENCE, DRIVE, SAVVY, AND, ER, GOOD CONTACTS. I'D LIKE YOU TO TACKLE IT FOR ME!
WELL, I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY THAT I'M SURE I'LL...
I WANT YOU TO GET YOUR BROTHER TO SLAP SOME ANTI-TRUST SUITS ON HOLIDAY INNS, QUALITY COURTS, AND RAMADA!
UH, J.W., MAYBE IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU SENT HIM A POST CARD OR SOMETHING. YOU SEE, HE'S VERY BUSY JUST NOW...
3


AND SO IT GOES, AS, BASKING IN THE SHADOW OF HIS FAMOUS RELATIVE, HE PURSUES HIS TASKS, A NEPHEW OF DESTINY....
MIGUEL, WHY DON'T YOU LEAD OFF WITH A SITUATION REPORT ON THE MAILROOM?
SI, MEESTER NEEXON.
OFFICE SECURITY COUNCIL Meeting In Session
MR NIXON
I'M SURE THIS PEN WILL SERVE AS A FITTING REMINDER OF THIS OCCASION....
BUT MR. NIXON, IT'S ONLY A PETTY-CASH VOUCHER, AND ANYWAY, I GOT A MILLION OF DEM THINGS!
I Hereby Proclaim this to be Office Courtesy Week.
BUT EVEN A DAY SPENT WRESTLING WITH PROBLEMS AFFECTING THE LIVES OF COUNTLESS DOZENS OF PEOPLE MUST SOMETIME END....
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
ACE
CLARA, I'M HOME. I'LL GIVE A REPORT ON MY DAY IN THE LIVING ROOM IN FIVE MINUTES.
YES, DON.
CLARA, I'M SPEAKING TO YOU TONIGHT TO REPORT ON MY TRIP DOWNTOWN TODAY. AS YOU KNOW, WHEN I LEFT AT 7:45 THIS MORNING....
...OF COURSE, WE CAN'T EXPECT TO ACCOMPLISH EVERYTHING WE SET OUT TO DO IN A SINGLE DAY, BUT I FEEL WE HAVE MADE A GOOD BEGINNING TO THE WEEK....
AND SO I ASK YOU, MY FELLOW FAMILY MEMBER...
MR. PRESIDENT, WE'RE OVER NEWPORT BEACH NOW. WE SHOULD BE LANDING AT SAN CLEMENTE IN ABOUT FORTY MINUTES....
NEWPORT BEACH... NEWPORT BEACH... HERB, WHY DOES THAT NAME RING A BELL?
I REALLY DON'T KNOW, MR. PRESIDENT. NOW, ABOUT THIS PROPOSAL TO RAISE THE DEBT CEILING TO $ 345 BILLION...
The End

ARPEGE IN A DRUM—INDUSTRIAL-STRENGTH PERFUME

For years the well-guarded secret of an exclusive union, Industrial-Strength Perfume is now available to the general public, and available *by the drum*. Now you can have the same superstrength perfume used in tanneries and tire factories. In the New Jersey meadows, where they need a strong perfume, Arpege in a Drum is the chosen scent. Do you deserve less?
1,200 Books per drum



Bonnie Boredom Asks:

WHAT DOES YOUR COLLECTIVE COLLECT?

YOU, Mr. and Ms. Communard. In contemplating your radical life-style, have you given sufficient thought to the benefits accruing to those smart young communes who make the saving of Boredom Stamps the linchpin of their collective philosophy? Whether your commune is a subsistence organization of the classic type, or one of the increasingly popular luxury establishments, you will find the collecting of Boredom Stamps to be one of the most rewarding aspects *of your "life"* together. And because you are pooling your stamps, those Boredom Stamp Books will fill up fast, putting exciting prizes like these within your grasp.



illustration by Michael Horen

THE ULTIMATE SAFE CAR

"So Safe, It's Like Driving a Registered Nurse." Sit still and hold your breath, because your Ultimate Safe Car is honeycombed with giant, impact-sensitive aerosol dispensers, ready, at the least sign of a disturbance, to encase you in an injury-inhibiting dessert mixture of marshmallow whip and junket.
25,500 Boredom Books

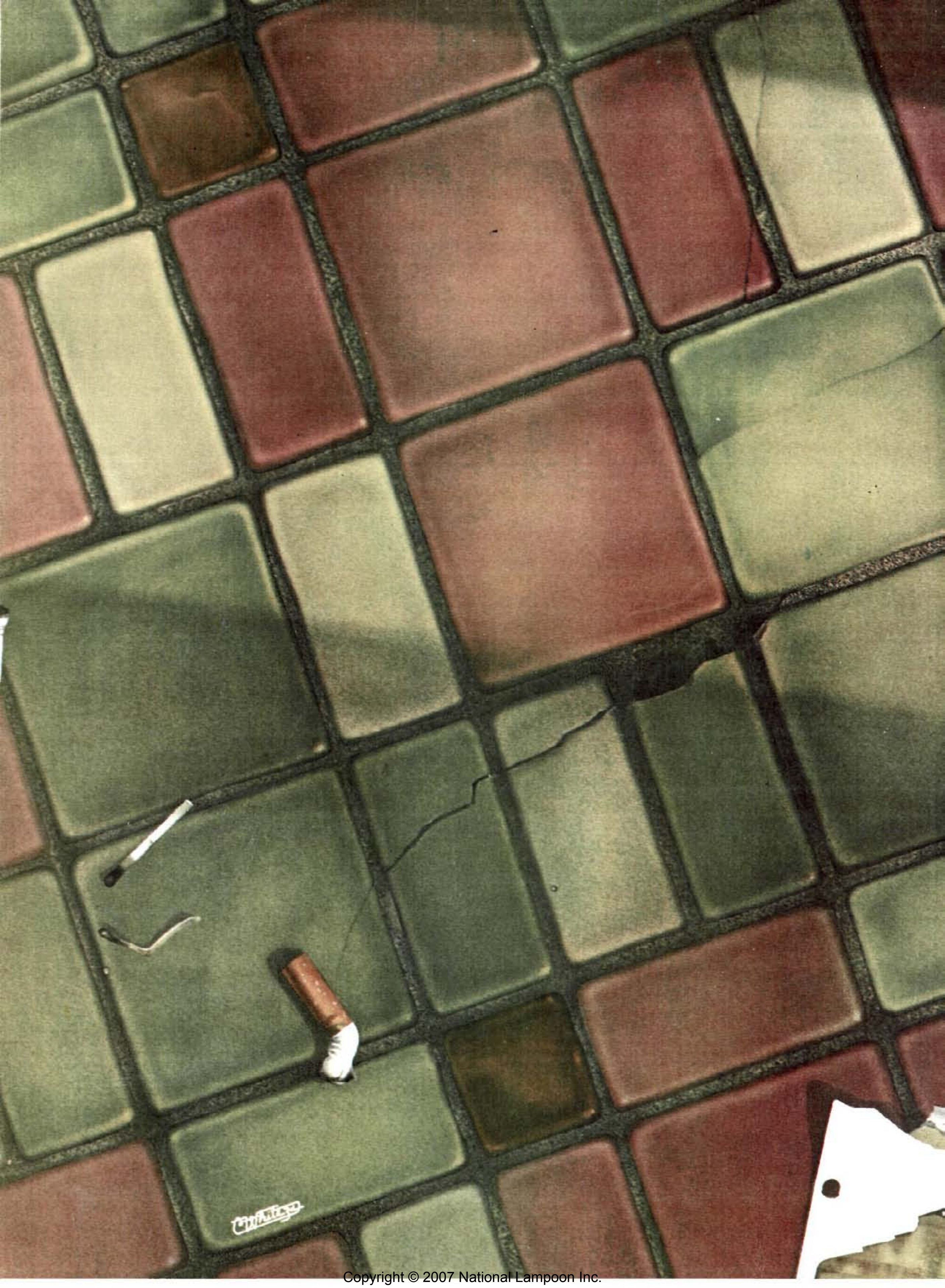
BONUS OFFER! PENNSYLVANIA!!

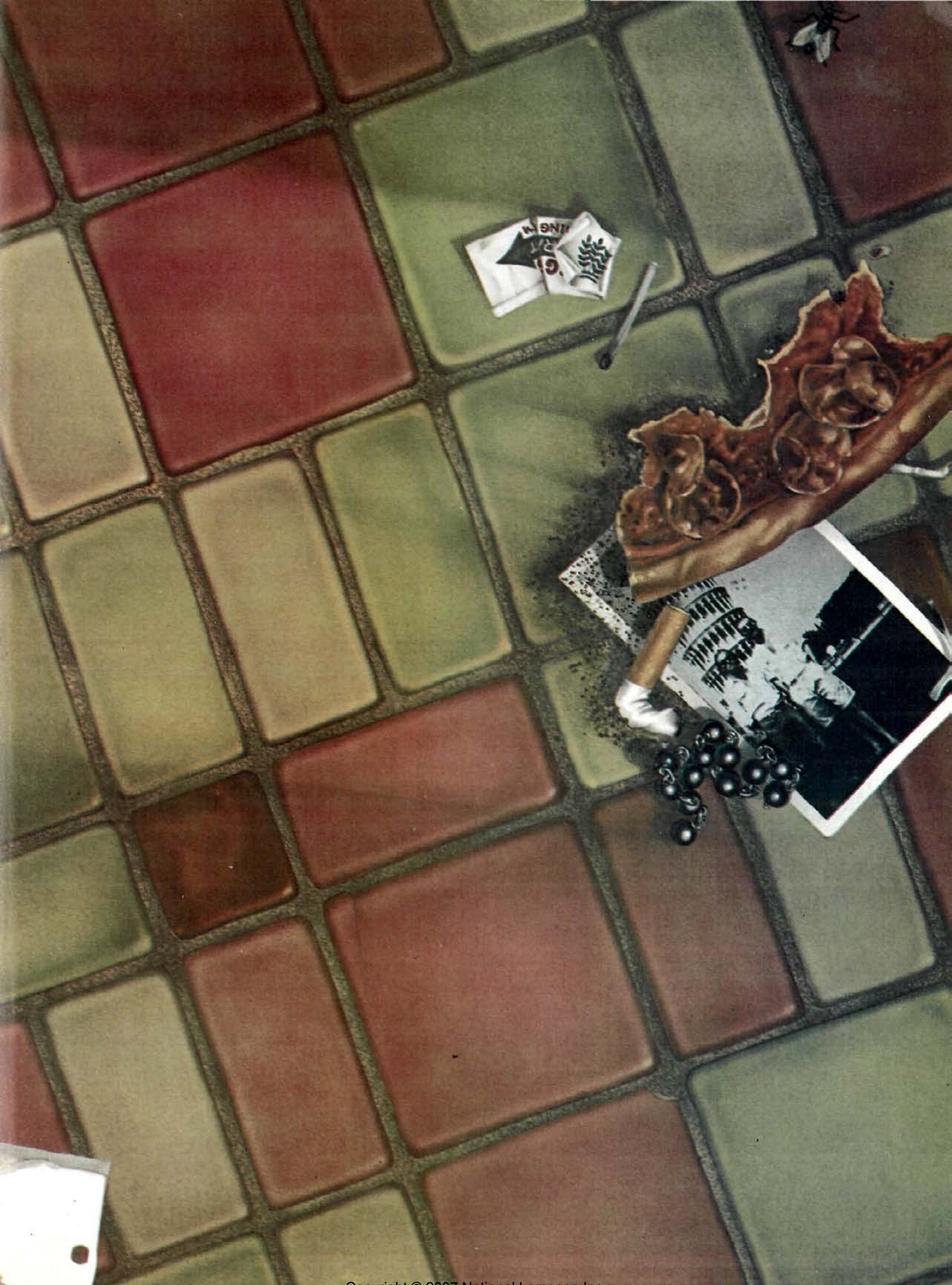
Yes. Fabled Boring Pennsylvania—yours to keep, treasure, hand down to your children. Allentown, Pottsville, Pittsburgh—they're all here. And available for a very few stamps more, PHILADELPHIA, purveyors of boredom to a grateful nation for more than three centuries. *All* for the price of a small Midwestern state.
Pennsylvania ....145,000 Boredom Books
with Philadelphia.....180,000 Boredom Books

Giant Travel Bonus

All-expense-paid trip to the Vatican and the fabulous *Sistine Chapel Floor* 15,000 Books

Thanx and a tip of Lampy's hat to Michael O'Donoghue





INTERSTATE BUS SET

by P. J. O'Rourke



Each magic day will be made up of twenty-four magic hours. You'll hail each one as it lumbers past on your relaxing Diesel tour.

Many afternoons of your journey will be gracefully punctuated by amusing Rest Stops and, on occasion, by lunch. A morning fruit-cup bar will serve a medley of formerly fresh fruits, nightly Motion Sickness Tournaments, and a water cooler. Several pillows have been provided for your entertainment.

WINTER ABROAD ABOARD CANADA'S DIESEL QUEEN

CRUISE PROSPECTUS: *AN ANNOUNCEMENT*

Her Majesty's Bus *Lansing-via-Detroit*, flagship of the Royal Omnibus and Flatbed Lorry Line, embarks from Montreal on November 1 for a five-week cruise of the Midwest.

CLASSES OF PASSAGE

Three classes of passage are offered: First, with quarters in the Sky-Vue Lounge-Dec; Second, with quarters next to the toilet; and Luggage.



Pick your friends from among dozens of eligible busboard companions.

SPECIFICS AND PARTICULARS

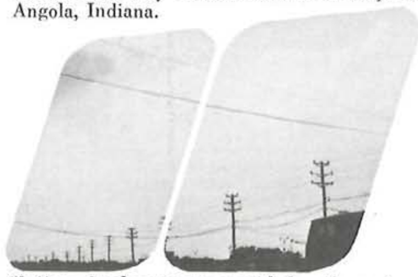
The H.M.B. *Lansing-via-Detroit* is the pride of the Royal Omnibus fleet and is one of motordom's most famous institutions, having served with distinction in the shooting of the American film *Midnight Cowboy* and in the Quebeçois epic *Bus of Fools.* Rolling under Canadian registry, recently refitted and entirely fireproof, she is aweigh on six wheels, displays five tons, and is completely motor-powered.

CRUISE ITINERARY

On the Midwestern Cruise the *Lansing* will be putting in at eleven ports of call, including Buffalo, New York; Erie, Pennsylvania; Norwalk, Akron, and Upper Sandusky in Ohio; and Pontiac, Michigan. At each of these foreign capitals the *Lansing* will be docked in the local terminal for from three to eight days.

At selected ports of call our Cruise Director will lead instructive walking tours of famous monuments and points of historical interest, including the birthplace of Doug Kenney at Chagrin Falls, the Cleveland Drill Bit Museum at Cleveland, and the Tomb of the Unknown Speech Therapy Major at Kent State University.

The H.M.B. *Lansing* will take on a load of wheel bearings at Barberton, to be delivered to the Rollo May Hudson-Nash dealership in Angola, Indiana.



Uniform landscapes are provided on the cruise.

LA VIE SOCIALE

Since the *Lansing* was christened by running over a Labbat's bottle, there have been few Senicruisers better known for their *ambiance* and *bon voyage*. Your fellow passengers aboard the Midwestern Cruise will be of the first social water.

IN THE GRAND TRADITION

Every cruise on the *Lansing-via-Detroit* is a smart-set social high-water mark! Miss Constance Nowakowski, daughter of Toledo's nine-ball-and-snooker czar Eddie "Pants" Nowakowski, has said, "The bus is an elegant and understated way to travel."

Renowned *beaux fêtes* held on the *Lansing* have included the stunning coming-out party of Dayton's Cecil Hodkins III, better known as Mr. Gladys of the Ritz Beautician and Electrolysis Charm School of that city. Mr. Gladys was escorted by an adorable marine. And the *Lansing* was the scene of the spectacular elopement of Cindy Jean Benge and Victor von Perez, First Baronette of King Billy's Youngstown Fun-Time Swing Band. "The bus," said chicly sixteen Cindy, "is simply the *only* way to leave Toronto."

In the words of the illustrious American author Kenneth Kesey, *"Toujours, tu es sur le bus ou tu n'es pas sur le bus!!"*

P. J. O'Rourke, Esq.
Chairman, Royal Omnibus Cruise Tours and Aluminum Siding Installation Ltd.

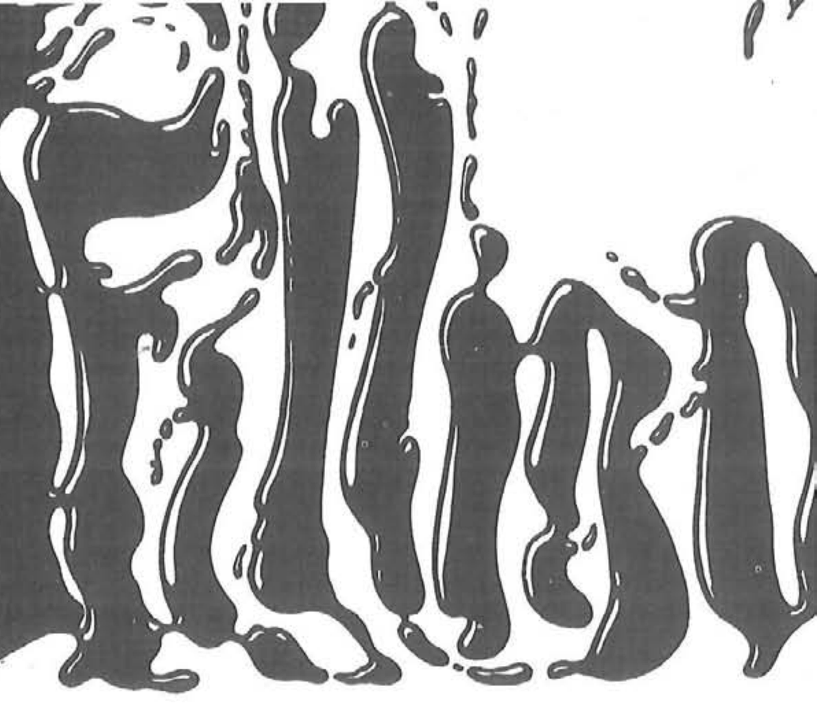
"I'd rather the bus!"



photos by Bruce Bacon


FOTO FUNNIES
CHEESE!
HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING ABOUT THIS PRODUCER?
YES, HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE PRETTY HIP. HE'S DONE A LOT OF OFF-BROADWAY STUFF.
OH, THEN IT MUST BE A PRETTY COOL PRODUCTION. THEY WON'T CAST GIRLS JUST ON THE BASIS OF A NICE FIGURE.
NO, THANK GOD. THOSE DAYS ARE GONE FOREVER.
I USED TO BE SO SICK OF THAT CHEESECAKE BUSINESS. "OKAY, HONEY. LIFT YA SKOIT..."
GOD, YES. BUT NOW A PERSON CAN REALLY DEMONSTRATE THEIR TALENT AND ABILITY. YOU CAN BE A REAL—
ON THE OTHER HAND, I FULLY SUPPORT TOTAL FREEDOM IN EXPERIMENTAL DRAMA LIKE THIS.
MY UNEMPLOYMENT RUNS OUT NEXT MONTH.

Statistics indicate that since 1960 the rate of divorce among rock bands has risen dramatically from 50 to an appalling 90 percent. Researchers attribute this tragic leap in the incidence of broken groups to a number of factors, among them the general loosening of morals in our society. Witness the spreading popularity of "group swapping," a trend that originated with rockdom's "star" set and rapidly caught on with suburban teen-age bands, who, aping their heroes and attempting in their naïveté to be fashionable, have found themselves headed toward the heartbreak of . . .



by Cindy Laverty

I started out like any other kid and his guitar—with a chord book and a stack of Chuck Berry 45's. I'd spend night after night in my cramped, shabby, lower-middle-class bedroom working out chords and riffs until my fingertips were raw and bleeding. I dreamed of one day putting a group of my own together—how happy we'd be!

Then I met Rick. He taught me things I'd never known existed—Jimmy Reed tunes, original Willey McCoy, Robert Johnson. We started to practice together in his cramped, shabby, lower-middle-class bedroom, and before long decided to form a group. We got a job playing in a local teen club for pennies a night, and it was great for a while—but after a few months I began to feel confined, that I wasn't growing musically. Rick understood, and we parted friends. . . .

About a year later, I met Carl and Bob. We got it on from the start, playing blues and our own stuff, too. But we had a manager who insisted on rushing us into a contract. We found ourselves cutting an album we weren't ready for—it was contrived, undeveloped, and embarrassing. The group broke up soon afterward.

I moved to the Coast and joined up with the Chickens. We cut one good album before P. got juiced up one night and smashed all our equipment. The rest of us disbanded in disgust. Later we found out that P. had formed another group and was making a fortune smashing his guitar at the end of every gig. It saddened me. . . .

M. and myself formed the Ballbreakers about six months later. We had a dynamite blues sound and did two albums together, but F. had gotten strung out on coke and would disappear for weeks at a time. He called us from Marrakesh one night—he'd gone off on a lark with Joni M. and was ripped off in a dive for all his bread and my Les Paul! Our manager, Dick, tried to talk us into staying together, at least for the sake of our unfinished LP, so we tried to patch things up. But then H. got hit with a misdemeanor rap for exposing himself at a concert, and C. picked up hepatitis from running skag. That was the last straw for me. I had Phil draw up papers to end our contract.

Not too long after that I formed the Milk with Z. and K. We put out three fantastic albums before we got bored with each other and split up. I'd met Y. of Blind Sweat and Blood around this time and really got turned on by the "big" sound. It was terrific for a while: we got into swapping with some other groups and I dug the scene until I found myself swapped out of my contract with Columbia and into a lawsuit! Soon as the contract thing was straightened out, I went on tour with Donnie and Bonnie as a back-up man. While we were on the road, I ran into G., an old friend of mine and a fantastic drummer. We decided to try and get a thing together with J., one of the greatest bass players around. We formed Hot Shit and were a hit even before our first LP because we were all so famous. That was the problem—we were all so great we couldn't decide whose material to do. Our producers tried to talk us into staying together at least for the sake of this tour we'd signed for, but we never got that far.

That was about a year ago. After Hot Shit split up, I got a place in the country to get my head together and write. Believe me, I've had it with groups. . . .

—X.

X. is only one of countless young musicians who have lived the needless tragedy of Fillmore Divorce. I myself have faced the heartbreak of group breakup more than a few times and have thought in recent months, "If only I'd known then what I know now!"

It's my hope that by sharing my experiences with you in a frank discussion, by pinpointing the major causes of Fillmore Divorce and dealing with them in a candid way, hundreds of young people who still have a chance may be better able to avoid group breakup in the future.

—Eric Clapton

Before you "take the plunge" . . .

1. Play the field!

Sure, jam around all you like, but don't sign those papers until you're sure you've found the group that will make you happiest. There are plenty of fish in the sea, so don't make the mistake of joining up with the first group to catch your fancy!

2. Is it the "real thing"?

Don't let meddlesome producers and backers force you into a group you're not ready for! No matter how well-intentioned, they can wreck a group before it has a

lettering by Michael Doret

Divorce

chance. Ask yourself, "Is this the real thing?" and, most important, "Am I mature enough to handle the responsibility of a group?" before you consider making the big commitment.

And now that the honeymoon's over . . .

Why do groups fail? Here are the four most common causes of Fillmore Divorce. . . .

Drugs

Roller coaster to catastrophe . . .

In my book there's nothing wrong with smoking a little weed now and then to be sociable—as long as it stays within reasonable bounds. But watch out! You may be tempted by your "friends" to sample "uppers" or "downers," or even to "shoot up"! Too many rock stars have found out the hard way that taking drugs is a one-way collision course to disaster. . . .

Remember: a real musician should be able to "get off" on his own chops!

Long-Term Separation

Shortcut to divorce!

Richard Goldstein once asked me if I thought a group and a career were possible at the same time, to which I replied, "I think the group *is* a career!" And that still goes. Any leader who's fool enough to gallivant around the country making movies and cutting solo albums can expect to find his group in pieces when he comes home!

Rhythm-Section Neglect

Don't take your "better half" for granted. . . .

Leaders! Your rhythm section will only be faithful to you as long as you treat it with respect. Don't expect your companions to bask in the reflected glory of your own success. Encourage them to be creative—to do arrangements, to write songs. And most important, never forget that those "little things" can spell the difference between a successful group and a bitter failure. Be on time for rehearsals and gigs. Pack up your own equipment: don't make them do it. Find ways of making them feel appreciated—they'll love you for it. And don't let publicity "commitments" keep you away too often, or you may find your rhythm section shopping around for a new leader!

Another word of caution: every conscientious leader must beware the pitfalls of "ego tripping," a major cause of group breakup in itself. Even the most shy and retiring rock star can launch off on an ego trip if he isn't careful. For example, just after I'd done the album with Mayall, word got around that kids were writing "Clapton is God" on walls all over the U.S., and I found myself wondering, "Does this make me bigger than Lennon?"

Group Swapping

"Playing around" is playing with fire!

Few things are likely to break up a group faster than the dangerous and degenerate game of "swapping." Jamming with other groups at parties and such is fine, but beyond the innocent jam lies a booby trap of trouble. Don't make the same mistake X. and others have—there are plenty of "thrills" to be had in your own group.

The Mixed Group

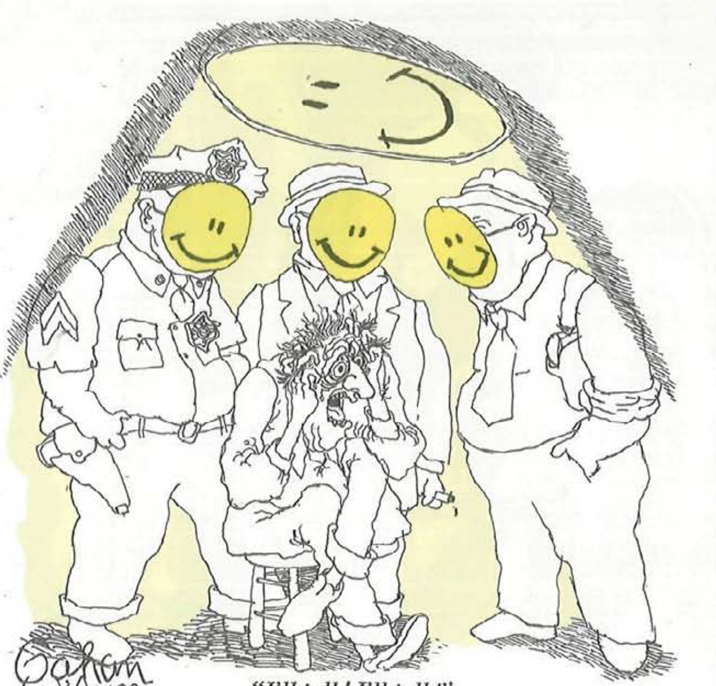
Modern society demands that we learn to accept and relate to people of colors and creeds foreign to our own. The musical profession is no exception in this respect. Today's musician often finds himself thrown together by chance with those of different cultures and faiths. These encounters can be educational and are quite valuable in the sense that they broaden our perspectives and offer us deeper insights into the world of music. Indeed, foreign and colored peoples have much to teach us.

However, we must bear in mind that where seemingly superficial differences of race or religion can be successfully "papered over" in social situations, they run too deep not to create innumerable hardships and heartaches in the more intimate context of a group. In a perfect world, perhaps, those of diverse religious persuasion—say, your Jesus Freaks, your T.M. types, your Indian mystics, your Black Muslims—would have no trouble brooking social antagonism, would not be plagued by internal conflict, would be able to produce as much mixed music as they felt inspired to without fear of reprisal.

But since we do not live in a perfect world, the responsible and mature musician must consider that it takes more than a "good beat" or "clever fingers" to make a group work, and that a mixed group cannot hope to survive for long without tragic consequences for everyone.□



by Gahan Wilson



"I'll talk! I'll talk!"





"I'm sorry, Mrs. Lepper—I'm afraid it had something to do with your taking those antidepressant pills."









"I'm afraid all we can do is operate and hope they don't continue to spread."

continued


Gahan Wilson

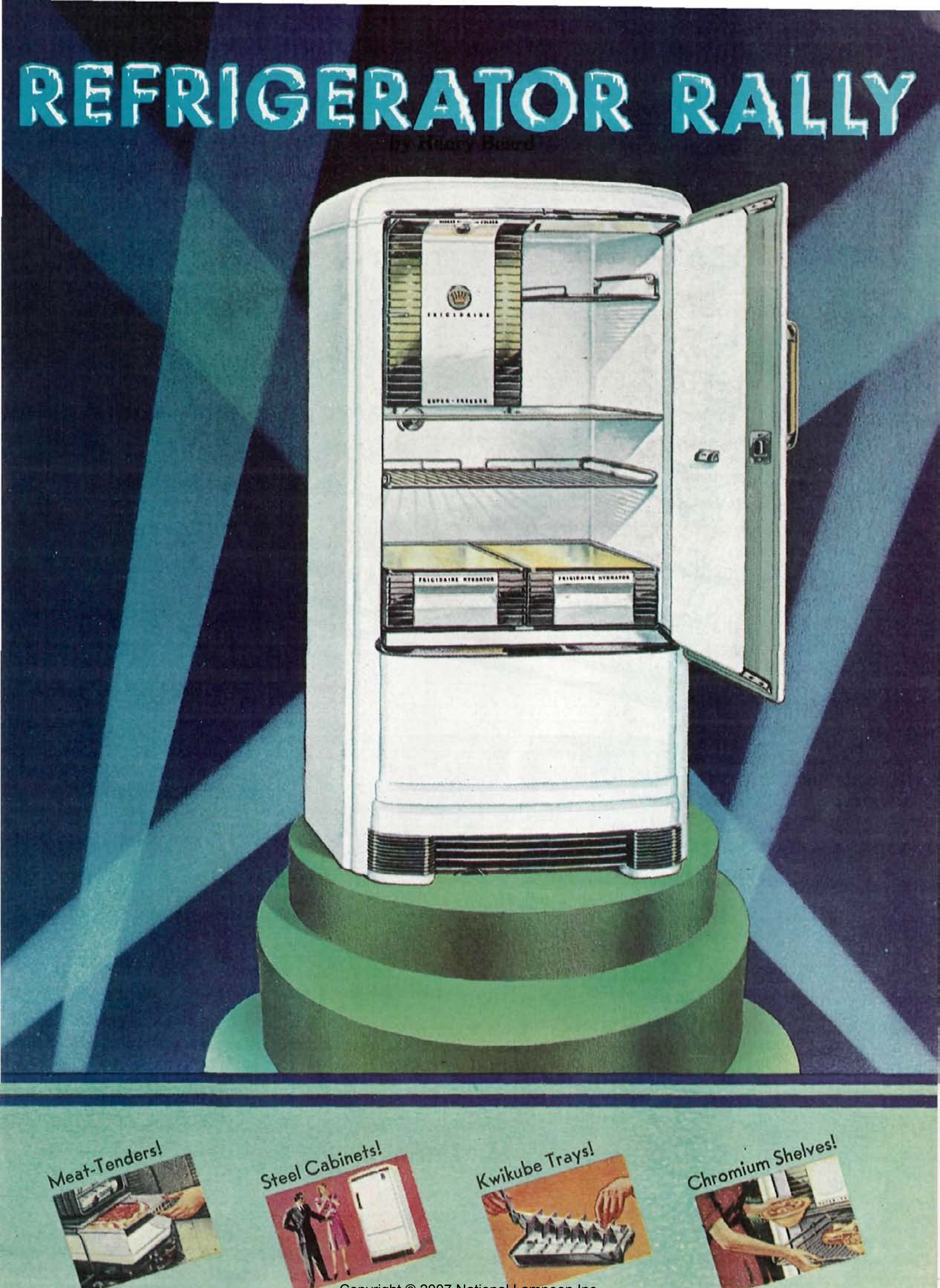

Gahan Wilson



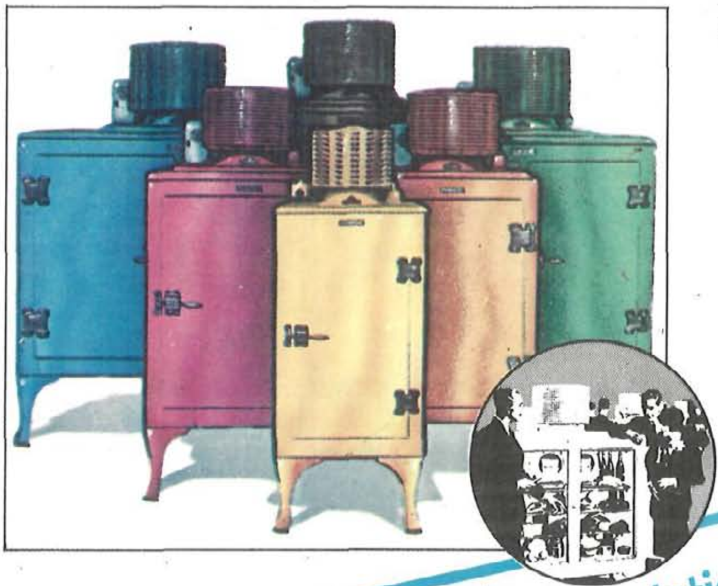

Gahan Wilson

REFRIGERATOR RALLY

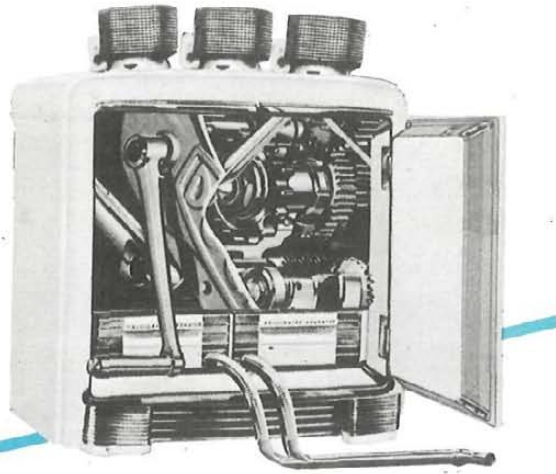
by Henry Beard



Old Cold. Cast an admiring glance at these coldhearted classics. The members of the Lord Kelvin Antique Fridge Club of Chicago display their frozen assets proudly, and with good reason: they own the largest collection of General Electric model 9GFXY's still in private hands. That's really some cold cache!



This hemi-headed, 4.42-cubic-inch, Class-A-competition machine, with top-mounted engine and double-barreled compressor, can go from 60 degrees to 0 degrees in twelve seconds, while still providing just enough space to satisfy the NASCAF minimum-freezing-compartment-capacity requirement (adequate refrigeration space for one whole orange).



A Fridgefair Promotions, Inc. Presentation produced in cooperation with Fridgefan magazine

Funny Fridge. Featuring the Crazy Crisper that converts to a chair. Lets your carrots lounge in comfort, lets your radishes relax. Sit your celery down, and put your potatoes to rest!



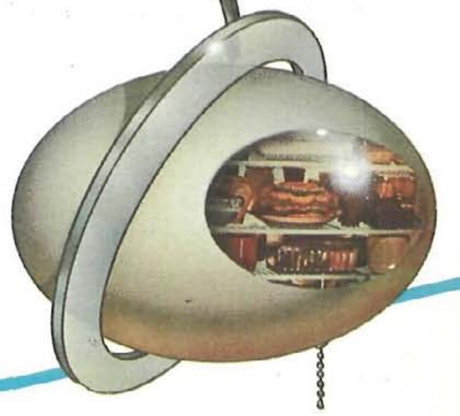


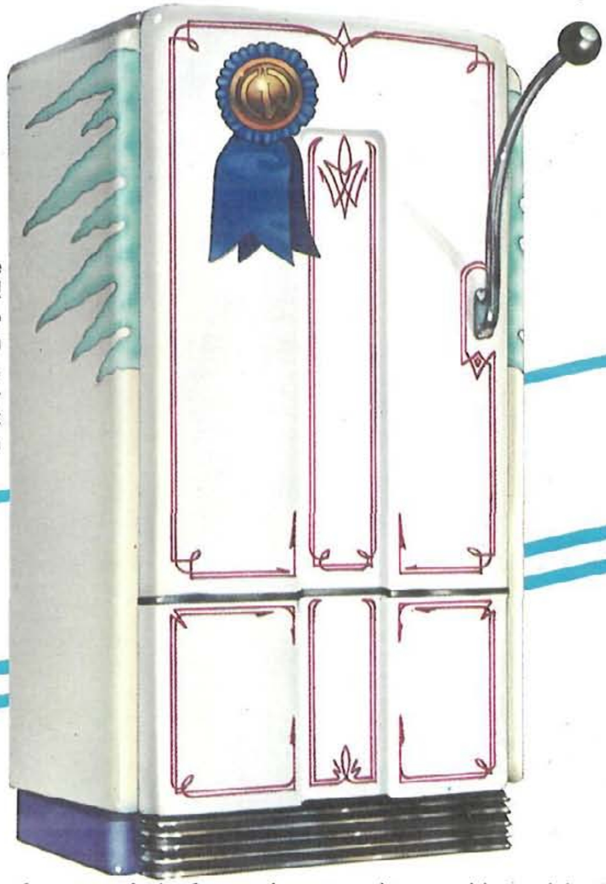
The Council on Subzero Safety says "Cool it!" with this "idea refrigerator" whose features include lettuce head-rests, padded rotary shelves to protect against fruit bruising and Cool Whip lash, meat belts, and passive restraint devices for eggs and other dairy products.



An ardent fridgefan asserts his identity in flattering Frostmode© fashions, with an accent on the Arctic, while little Betty hopes to freeze out the competition in the ice-tray judging.

In the entirety of God's creation, only MAN THE DREAMER could have produced this breathtaking vision of the DREAM FRIDGE OF THE FUTURE and its awesome contents, the DREAM GROCERIES OF THE FUTURE, all an inspiring promise of better days ahead.





Hot Rod Fridge Wins Cold! What a cool job this baby is. With her Frost striping, she makes the run-of-the-mill stock fridge look like an icebox.

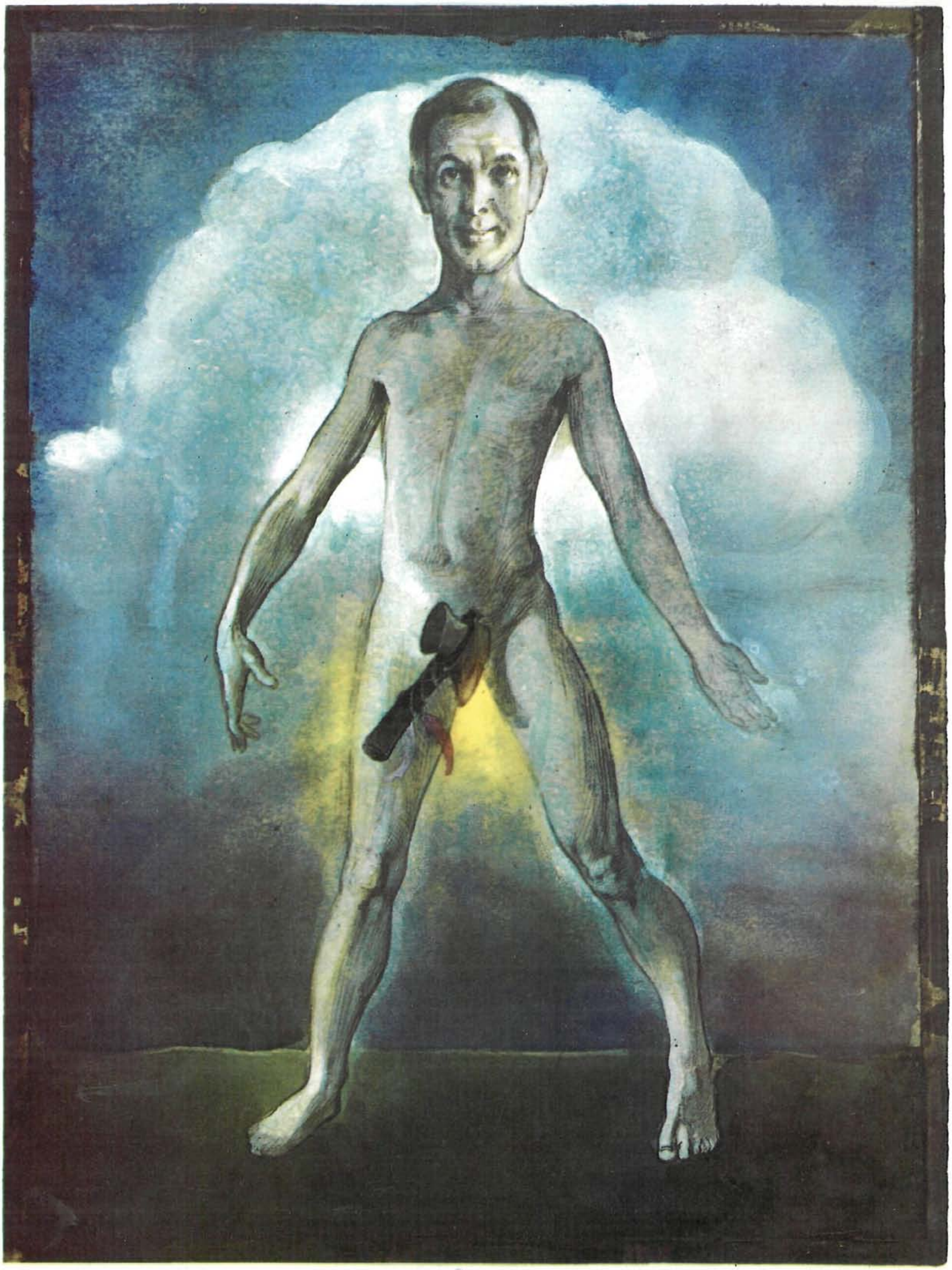


Popular commercial subcompact entries are always sure to break the ice at any rally, and this year is no exception!

It's a Lot of Cold Air. If you're a fridgefan on the move, this portable model will allow you to keep your cool wherever you go. Yes, your treasured groceries stay right by your side whether you like it or not! □



Illustrations by Kenny Kneitel and Charles White III



More to Come

Michael O'Donoghue shows you how to write a Johnny Carson Monologue in five minutes or less!

There are words funny in and of themselves, words such as "Edsel" and "Liberace" and "tacoburger." The mere use of such a word invokes instant mirth. While Komic Keywords and Phunny Phrases have long been used both by comedians (i.e., Jack Pearl's "Vas you der, Sharlie?" Joe Penner's "You wanna buy a duck?" and even Benny/Cavett's "Now wait a minute!") and laymen (i.e., the commonly used humorous synonyms for "drunk": "stewed," "zonked," "polluted" (archaic), "smashed," etc.) alike, it took Johnny Carson to base an entire routine on them.

A copy of Johnny's comic-word-and-phrase list recently came into my possession and we're reprinting it here in its entirety with a few explanatory footnotes of my own. I have also included a sample monologue to demonstrate how it works. Simply fill in the blanks, using the words and phrases found on the list. Many have already been done for you.

You may wish to watch "The Tonight Show" and add to your list. You'll soon discover that, as a rule, most Southern California towns, roads, and used-auto dealers are funny, and that it would be difficult to come up with an undergarment that is not hilarious. It should also be pointed out that although "bippy" and "Walnetto" are valid Komic Keywords, they are not on this list because both originate from another show.

Here are a few hints on delivery in case you are tempted to try the completed monologue on your friends. When Johnny loses his place, he usually "marks time" by discussing some point of grammar with Ed ("Which is proper there, Ed, 'who' or 'whom'?"). If a joke "bombs," doggedly repeat the punch line. And never forget that it's impossible to overuse the word "weird."

That's all there is to it.

Funny Actors and Actresses

Sunny Tufts
Hildegarde Neff
Maria Ouspenskaya
Mickey Rooney
Annette Funicello
Dame May Whitty
Richard Loo
Helmut Dantine
Esther Williams
Helen Twelvetrees

Funny Singers and Musicians

Kate Smith
Wayne Newton
The Lennon Sisters
Tiny Tim[1]
Nelson Eddy
Eddie Fisher
Fabian
Tommy Newsom[2]
Monty Rock III
Carmen Lombardo
Liberace

Funny Professions

Avon Lady
hairdresser
mugger

Funny People

Tommy Manville
Mrs. Miller
Bridey Murphy (archaic)
Twiggy
Tojo (archaic)
Phyllis Diller
Martha Mitchell
Fernando Lamas
Dean Martin
Wink Martindale

Funny Places

Fire Island
Avalon
Sheboygan
Peyton Place
Oxnard
Pismo Beach
Levittown (archaic)
Cucamonga[3]
Corning, Iowa
Fun City
San Bernardino
Burbank[4]
Brooklyn
Guam
Kokomo
Kalamazoo
Biloxi

[1]And Miss Vicki (archaic)
[2]Also called "Mr. Excitement"
[3]From the archaic tag "Anaheim, Azusa, and Cucamonga"
[4]Commonly preceded by the adjectives "beautiful, downtown"

Funny Animals

yak
Mister Ed
skunk
Cheeta
J. Fred Muggs (archaic)
gopher
wombat
Gentle Ben
aardvark
King, the Wonder Horse
Rex, the Wonder Dog[5]
Francis, the Talking Mule
yellow-bellied sapsucker
Flipper
Rin-Tin-Tin
beaver

Funny Announcers

Durwood Kirby
George Fenneman

Funny Foods

Tacoburger
prune danish
bagel
high-priced spread
blintz
Blimpie
wet noodle
flied lice
meatball[6]
matzo ball
Mrs. Paul's Fishsticks

Funny Beverages

Gatorade
prune juice
Bosco
Metrecal (archaic)
Ovaltine
Orange Julius

Funny Fruits and Vegetables

kumquat
gourd
bananas[7] (archaic)

Funny Doctors

Dr. Kildare
Dr. Kinsey (archaic)
Marcus Welby, M.D.
Dr. Frank Field[8]
Dr. Joyce Brothers

[5]The "Wonder" formula will work with any animal, such as "Ralph, the Wonder Gopher" or "Randy, the Wonder Yak."
[6]Currently revived in phrase "Thatza spicy meatball!"
[7]Bananas are funny only if smoked.
[8]Usually identified as "NBC's crack meteorologist"

continued

continued

Funny Disorders and Diseases
cardiac arrest
Dutch Elm blight

Funny Nostrums
Geritol
Miltown (archaic)
Carter's Little Liver Pills (archaic)

Funny Political Figures
Alf Landon
Mayor Yorty
Millard Fillmore
Spiro Agnew
Harold Stassen

Funny Roads
freeways
Mulholland Drive
the Slauson cutoff
the San Bernardino Expressway

Funny Underwear
Jockey shorts
girdle
bloomers
Fruit of the Loom
red undies
panty hose
Living Bra

Funny Advertising Characters
The Man from Glad
Ralph Williams
Chick Lambert
Earl Scheib
The Smith Brothers
Mr. Clean
Katy Winters
The Jolly Green Giant

Funny Adjectives
topless
sissy[9]
crazy[10]
weird[11]

Funny Exclamations
Yah-hah![12]
Whoopee![13]

Funny Words
bird
grim
spit up
flaky
zinger

Funny Words for "People Who 'Aren't Playing with a Full Deck' "
yo-yo
ding-a-ling
kook
weirdo

Funny Yiddish Words
mohel
bris
meshuggeneh
Hadassah
Bar Mitzvah

[9]May also be used as noun (e.g., "Frontier Sissy")
[10]As in "crazy Shirley"
[11]As in "weird Shirley"
[12]Always accompanied by twirling forefinger
[13]Ditto

tochis[14]

Funny Phrases
"Hi, friends! Ralph Williams here!"
"Please, Mother, I'd rather do it myself!" (archaic)
"I can't believe I ate the whole thing!"
"That's one for the Jew. . . ."[15]
"Can you imagine some drunk watching the show who just tuned in?"
"It's a biggee!"
"See how quickly they turn!"
"You folks didn't boo when I was raising the flag on Mt. Sarabachi!"
"I wouldn't touch that line with a ten-foot pole!"[16]
"If I said what I'm thinking right now, this place would be a parking lot tomorrow!"[17]
"Good night, Chet!" (archaic)
"Would you believe [scaled-down parody of the previous statement]?" (archaic)
"Where does it say that audience does monologue?"
"Just when did I lose control?"[18]

Funny Colors
puce

Miscellaneous Funny Stuff
Edsel
Andy Hardy
Tidy Bowl
greasy kid stuff
"Medic" (archaic)
smog
Tom Swift
the Bobbsey Twins
Hula-Hoop
winos
Dr. Scholl's Foot Pads
the phone company
Con Ed[19]
big toe
blubber
Man Tan (archaic)
Forest Lawn
Funk & Wagnall
the Fakawee Indians (banned)[20]
flügelhorn
the NBC commissary[21]
5-Day Deodorant Pads
Jupiter
Tonto
the Dixie Hotel
the Sheraton Universal[22]
Confederate money
Medicare
doggie bag
Penn Central (archaic)
the Long Island Railroad
Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice
dentures
the San Andreas Fault
"Let's Make a Deal"
hickey
Mr. Moto
the classified section of the *L.A. Free Press*
National Pretzel Week[23]
The Pink Pussycat
the Flying Nun
Schrafft's
Roto-Rooter
Heidi Fishbinder
Latrina Goldfarb
Priscilla Goodbody
the Welcome Wagon
bedpan
porcelain convenience
Excedrin Headache Number 46[24]
miniskirts
buggy whips
Sarah Heartburn (archaic)
Wurlitzer
the funny farm

[14]Although almost anything Yiddish/Jewish is funny (e.g., "bubeleh," "cockamamy," "Feh!" "gefilte fish," "gonif," "knish," "kvetch," "mavin," "mensh," "nebbish," "So nu?" "nudzh," "Oy gevalt!" "paskudnyak," "plotz," "putz" (banned), "shiksa," "shlemiel," "shlimazl," "shmegegge," "shmuck" (banned), "shvartzeh," "tsuris," "yenta," "zhlub"), Johnny, as a "goy," is limited to only the most common words, unlike a Jewish comedian such as Jerry Lewis who can sprinkle a few in every sentence.
[15]Also "Jew—one, Christian—nothing!" Both lines are always delivered while pretending to write down the score.
[16]To be used after a *double entendre* remark by a "dumb" and/or foreign actress
[17]Ditto
[18]Delivered while pretending to check watch
[19]Usually identified as "New York's Mickey Mouse power company"
[20]Or, to use a Funny Double-Negative, a "no-no"
[21]Also called "Cramp's Tomb"
[22]For "Universal," substitute "Unusual," "Uncomfortable," etc.

Sample Monologue

ED: And now, heeeeerrrrrrrrrrrrrrre's Johnny!

(Johnny enters briskly, smiles, touches tie, looks at Ed, looks at Doc and does take, touches tie, twirls forefinger in "Yah-hah!" gesture, indicates audience and gives thumb-drinking gesture, touches tie, raises hands to halt applause, checks watch if applause continues and raises hands again, touches tie.)*

JOHNNY: This is "The Tonight Show," the show with a message. Tonight's message . . . (*breaks into laughter*) tonight's message is: "A wet Avon Lady never flies at night!"**

(*Looks at Doc, winces.*) I wanna say! (*Does take.*) You look like a topless Roto-Rooter dealer at Wayne Newton's briss!

You can still catch the late movie on the other channel—Richard Loo, Annette Funicello, ______ ______, ______ ______, and Prudence, the Wonder Beaver in "The Tacoburger That Ate Oxnard and Spit Up!" It's a biggee!

What else is happening? I see where Con Ed, New York's Mickey Mouse power company, predicted more brownouts. It's getting so you have to ______ just to ______ ______. I've heard of ______, but this is ridiculous!

[23]Not to be confused with "pretzel vendor," a Cavett Keyword
[24]Any number will suffice.
*Especially on Friday nights.
**Alternate opening: "Thank you. Thank you very much. I'm Johnny Carson, or, as I was called by the Indians with whom I used to frolic on the plains of Nebraska, 'Little ______ ______'!"

Boy, it was cold out today!
ED: How . . . cold . . . was it?
JOHNNY (*laughing*): It was so cold that, in Central Park, the muggers were demanding your __________ or your life!

This afternoon I saw Dr. Frank Field, NBC's crack meteorologist and resident yo-yo, running through the halls wearing a __________ and shouting "__________ ! __________ !" So I stopped him and asked what he was doing, and he said it was because __________ __________ ! . . . That actually happened . . . this afternoon.
AUDIENCE: Groan . . . hiss . . . boo!
JOHNNY: You folks didn't boo when I was raising the flag on Mt. Sarabachi!

I want you to know that doing the monologue is my second favorite thing in the whole world. (*Pauses.*) My favorite thing is feeding Blimpies to Kate Smith's Living Bra!
ED: Hey-ay!
JOHNNY: I read in the paper today where a Women's Lib organization protesting at a Pasadena beach not only burned their __________ but their __________ and __________ as well! I can remember when girls peeled only *after* they got sunburned! That could melt your __________!

Another crazy item in the paper. It's true! I'm not making it up! A man in __________, who was arrested for running a __________ in his garage, told the judge that he only did it to __________ his wife. That's like trying to fix a __________ with a __________! No, but——
MAN IN AUDIENCE: __________!
JOHNNY: Where does it say that audience does monologue? What's with this group tonight? It's wild!

(*To Ed.*) I hear you had quite a time last night. Ed went to a __________ after the show and . . . "had a few," shall we say. This morning Rudi, our producer, found him swinging from the __________ of the __________ Hotel and feeding pizza to the ______, claiming that he was ____ ____ ____!
(*To Ed.*) You should be ashamed of yourself! A grown man!
ED: She was my niece!
JOHNNY: No, I kid Ed but he only drinks on special occasions. For Ed, a special occasion is a __________ for Wink Martindale's __________!
(*To Ed.*) This is a good crowd.

Hey, we have a great show! We've got Corbett Monica; singer Vikki Carr, a lovely gal. Fanny Flagg is with us. Who am I leaving out? Oh, Enzo Stuarti is here. And Mrs. Munnings and her talking __________,*** so stay where you are and we'll be right back. (*Does golf swing, which has become a show-biz tradition.*) □

***Or "champion sardine-packer Neal Fiebusch."

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

NOVEMBER, 1970/NOSTALGIA: With The 1956 High School Yearbook; The Dink Patrol; The Sears, Roebuck Sex Catalogue; 1936: A Space Odyssey; Monster Memories; and the Special 1950s Section.
DECEMBER, 1970/CHRISTMAS: Gahan Wilson's Christmas Beware!, Write Your Own Agnew Speech, The Myth of the Mafia, Santology, I Remember Jesus, Sob Story, and Underachiever Jokes.
JANUARY, 1971/WOMEN: With The Censorless Woman by "O'D," the *Cosmopolitan* parody, Mighty Minerva, Unlikely Events, and the women's lib pinup calendar.
FEBRUARY, 1971/HEAD ISSUE: With Siddhartha Classy Comics, the Special Stoned Section, The Great Automobile Revolt, the 1791 *Rolling Stone* parody, Instant Yoga, and Woodstockade.
MARCH, 1971/CULTURE: With Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, da Vinci's Undiscovered Notebook, Captain Bringdown, The Dolts, and Gracie Slick's etiquette handbook.
APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE: With Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls magazine, The Philosopher Detective, Spoilers, Mexico on 5 Toilets a Day, and the Corn Flakes parody.
MAY, 1971/FUTURE: With The NASA Sutra: A Zero Gravity Sex Manual; Toilets of the Extraterrestrials; Printout, the computer magazine; and The 1906 *National Lampoon.*
JUNE, 1971/RELIGION: With The Polaroid Print of Dorian Gray, Big Blessings Bulletin, Gahan Wilson's Holyland, O.D. Heaven, Magic Made E-Z, and a parody of *The Prophet.*
JULY, 1971/PORNOGRAPHY: With The Breast Game, Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (Aren't You Sorry You Asked?), Dick in Jane, Are You a Homo?, and Nancy Reagan's dating guide.
AUGUST, 1971/BUMMER ISSUE: With Defeat Comics; the Canadian Supplement; Would You Buy a Used War from This Man?; As the Monk Burns; Welfare Monopoly; and (Classified), the CIA newsletter.
SEPTEMBER, 1971/KIDS: With Eloise at the Hotel Dixee, The Hardy Boys, Children's Letters to the Gestapo, The Toilet Papers, Death Is, and How to Cook Your Daughter.
OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL: With the *Mad* parody, Rodrigues' Hiro the Handicapped, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, School of Hard Sell, 125th Street, and The Final Seconds.
NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR: With Dragula, The Phantom of the Rock Opera, Sick Jokes of the Seventies, Gahan Wilson's Science Fiction Horror Movie Pocket Computer, and The Incredible Shrinking Magazine.
DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life . . . Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies.
JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED? With Son-o'-God Comics; The Vietnamese Baby Book; The Last, Really, No Shit, Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog; and Where Do *YOU Draw the Line?*
FEBRUARY, 1972/CRIME! With Groin Larceny; Ralph Nader, Public Eye; Angela and Rocky Take You on a Tour of the Big House; Dick Tracy on the take, and an Edward Gorey whodunnit.
MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.
APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Bulgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, and Third Base, the Dating Newspaper.
MAY, 1972/MEN! With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillaine, Stacked *Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon As Big As the Taft.*
JUNE, 1972/SCIENCE FICTION: With *UFO*, The Flying Saucer Magazine; a Theodore Sturgeon sci-fi story; Sextraterrestrials; The Last TV Show; Dodosaurs; and Gahan Wilson's Click.
JULY, 1972/SURPRISE! With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, and Sermonette.
AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY: With True Politics magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics.

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continued from page 56

left.

The Alto is out of key with the Tenor. When the Sock is worn longer than a week without washing, Fungus grows on the Foot. In other words, when true Harmony is attained, one may enter the Gymnasium with confidence. STEP LIGHTLY, but whistle a happy tune.

Changes To

J'um Bo

The Hero Sandwich
No Fault—No Mayo

The superior man leaves a gratuity of at least 20 percent to assure satisfactory service in the future.

The Maiden has ignorantly lost the Flock consigned to her charge and rushes about willy-nilly to locate it. However, it should be borne in mind that even Kine and Sheep possess Hooves and the instinct for self-preservation. SIT TIGHT: they will gladly return of their own volition once hunger sets in.

III

Hel T'r

The Irregular Movement
No Fault—No Shit

The superior man consumes a harmonious balance of nutrition and roughage at regular intervals.

The Window yields to the Brick. Penetration, however slight, is cause for conviction and a dishonorable discharge. Accordingly, might makes right, so the Navy is no place for pansies. MOVE RESOLUTELY, but watch your ass.

Changes To

Skel T'r

The Public Privy
No Fault—No Loitering

The superior man washes his hands thoroughly before leaving rest room.

The Rodents assail the Woman. They are blind, and all is dark ahead of them. The Woman swiftly retaliates with a stroke of sharp steel. One, two, three, they retreat in dishonor, mutilated. HOLD YOUR OWN against inferior opponents.

IV

Sp'Lish

Biting Through
No Fault—No Cavities

The superior man brushes after every meal, as part of a conscientiously applied program of dental hygiene and regular professional care.

The Ashtray is inverted on the Carpet. The Woman does not care to correct immediately the mistake committed by the Man. If the Man is to prosper he should not beat the Woman under these circumstances, but wait until she corrects the mistake to please herself.

Changes To

Sp'Lash

The Independent Line
No Fault—No Smoking or Spitting

The superior man has enough money to take a cab.

The Boy is sitting in the Chair. The Boy's eyes are closed. The Boy has a smile on his face. Is the Boy dreaming? Is the Boy dreaming of something nice? Will the Boy wake up before the dream is over? Will the Boy wake up at all? And what about Naomi?? *CAST AGAIN for the answer to these paralyzing questions.*

V

Fun Ke

The Hanging Judge
No Fault—No Chance

The superior man pleads for a change of venue.

The Magistrate is on the Bench. The Evidence has been presented. The District Attorney has rested. The Defendant is in grave peril. TAKE NO ACTION: tell Rosemary to tell Mike Standard to rest without putting up a defense. Everything will turn out fine in the end.

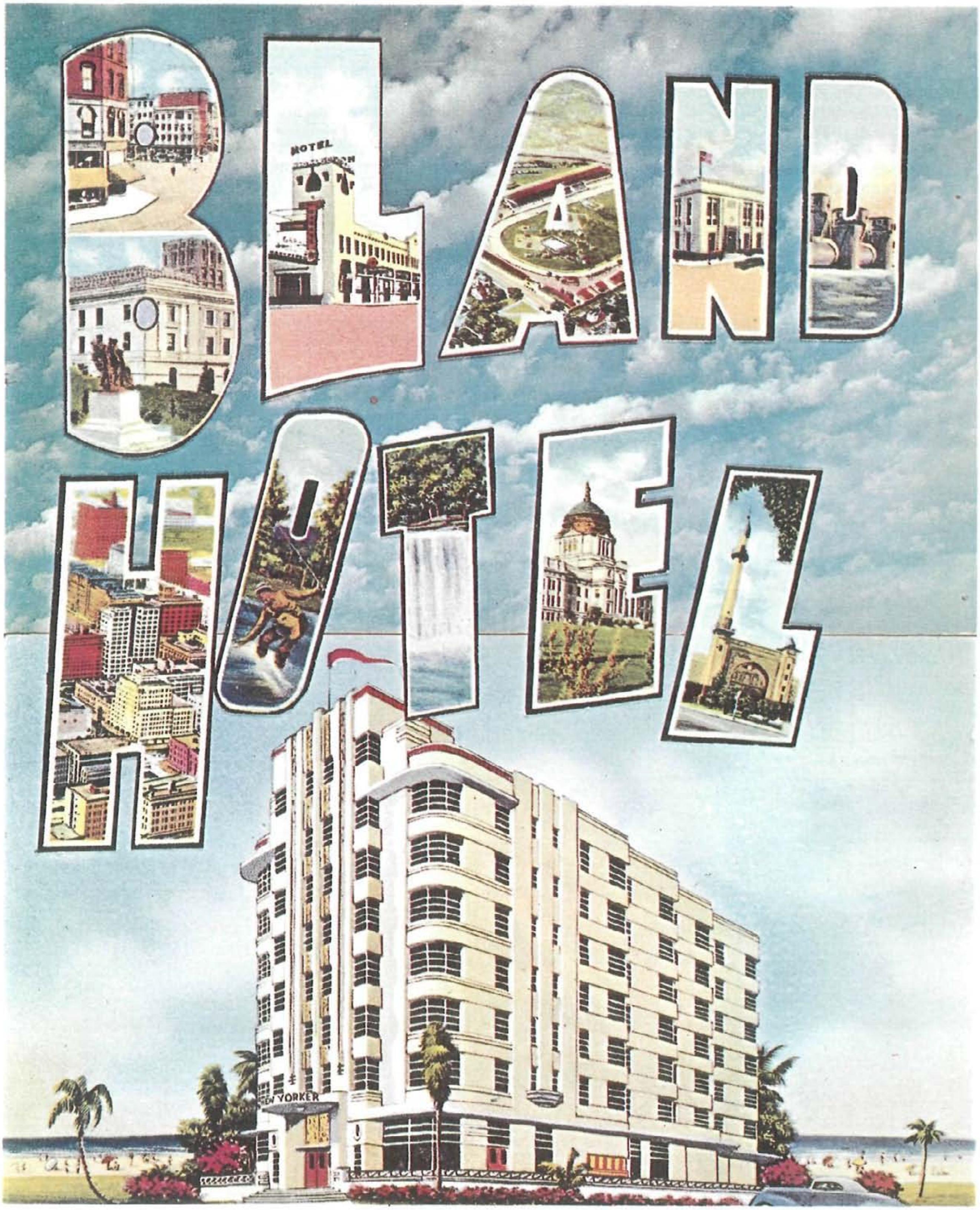
Changes To

Mun Ke

The Final Out
No Fault—No Runs, No Hits, No Errors, No One Left

The superior man heads gratefully for the showers.

The foolish Cat essays to perform upon the very instrument into which one day its entrails will be incorporated. The Cow is invisible against the shadow of the Moon. The serene Dog finds the spectacle amusing. The Cutlery has vanished. SIT TIGHT: no use in closing the Drawstring after the Marbles have rolled out of your Bag.



by George W. S. Trow

The hotel has fallen from fashion. Is it too late for a successful renovation?

The fashion now is for twin hotels joined by a marble subway. The Bland Hotel suffers. Recently, Parlour Pimps have appeared in the lobby. Nothing can be done to dislodge them.

The manager of the hotel waits to be elected to the Rotary. Twice they have passed him over. The manager shudders. The Parlour Pimps look up. They draw strength from his embarrassment. The manager remembers that his mother was not invited to attend the Junior Gaiety dances. . . .

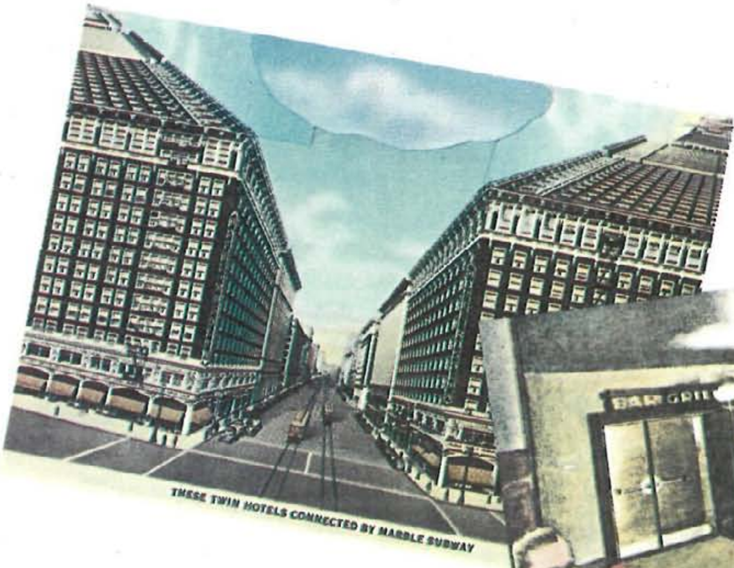
There are only three guests at the hotel. There are thousands of empty rooms. The three guests are Dr. Otternschlag, a distressed veterinarian; Grushinskaya, a baton twirler in decline; and Felix Gaigern, a young man of good family.

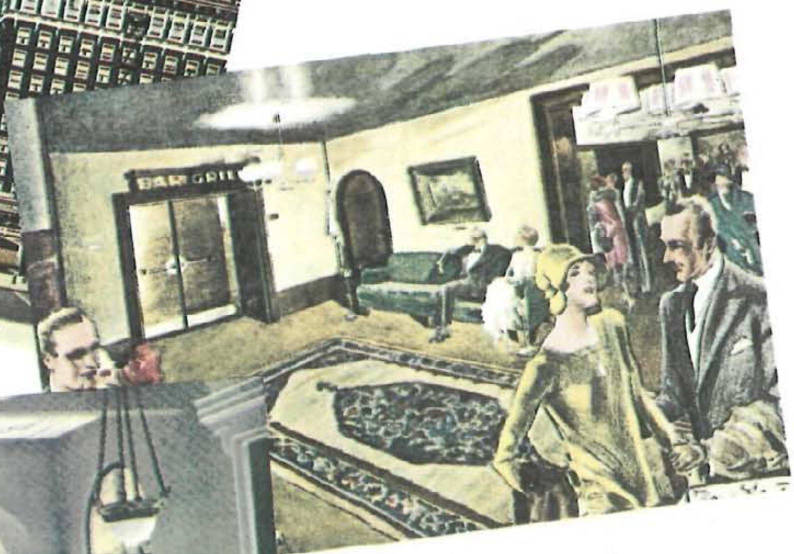
The manager knows that Gaigern's nickname is "Flix." It is the manager's opinion that Gaigern's nickname raises the tone of the hotel. The manager remembers that the Gaigern family once controlled every DeSoto dealership in the state. "That counts for something," the manager thinks. The Parlour Pimps smile at the manager's snobbery.

Dr. Otternschlag, the distressed veterinarian, observes the lobby from his chair. Half of the doctor's face has been eaten away by rabies. The eroded side of his face fits flush to the wall. . . .

The frame of the doctor's chair is made of undesirable woods, nailed instead of doweled together, and without the bracing of corner blocks. The Parlour Pimps responsible for its manufacture smile. They are aware that cheap cotton felt has been employed throughout.

The Parlour Pimps begin to make hit records.







postcards by Jim Hans

The veterinarian pays his bill in cash. Grushinskaya, the baton twirler, pays with one of her famous credit cards. (Grushinskaya cherishes a set of perfectly matched credit cards—the gift of what great man?) Flix Gaigern does not pay his bill at all.

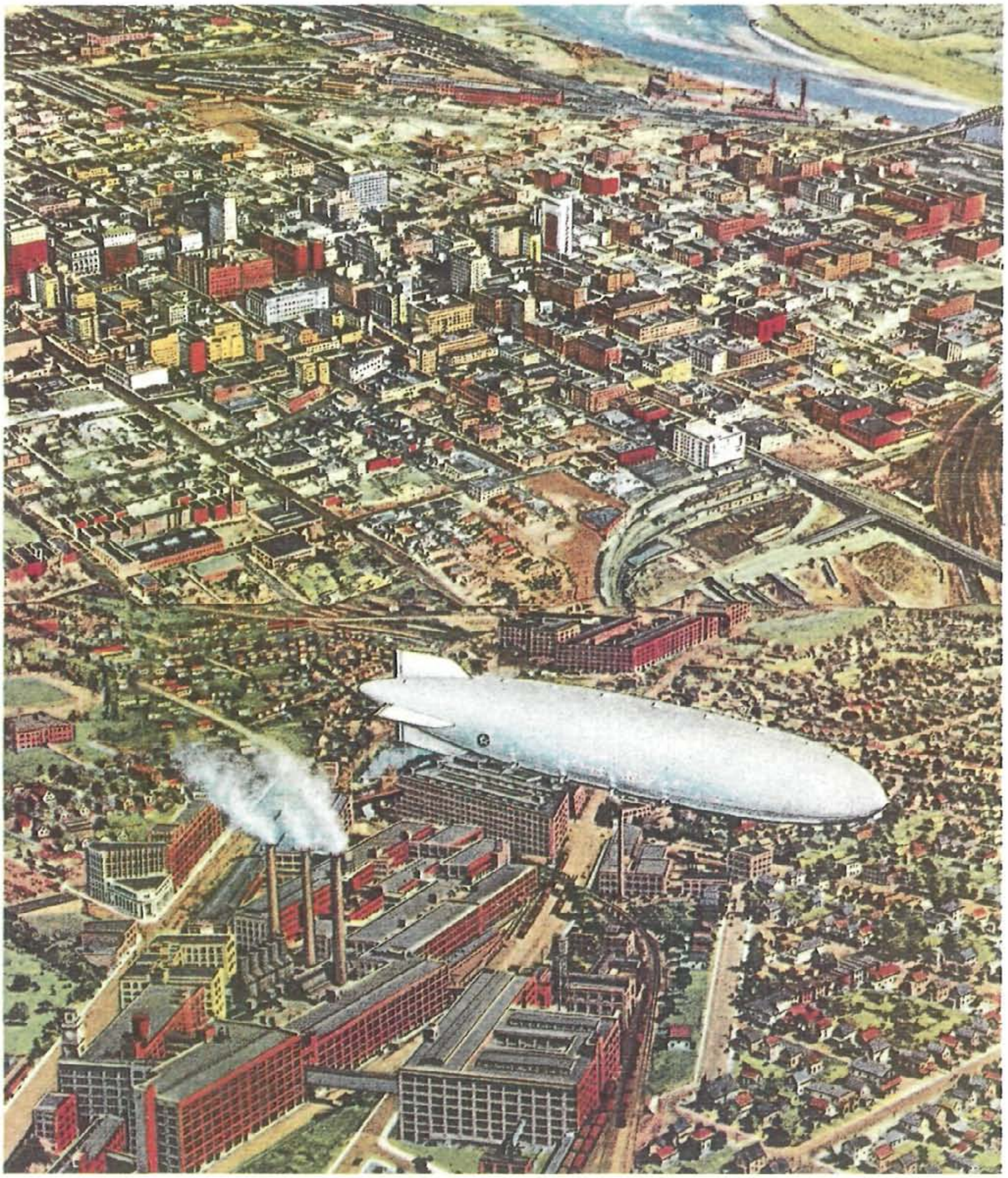
It has been years since Grushinskaya has toured in a northern state. All the people who will pay to watch Grushinskaya twirl the flaming baton have retired to California or Florida. Is the Bland Hotel in Florida or California? It is hard for Grushinskaya to remember exactly. . . . In both states there are oranges. . . .



The Parlour Pimps are engaged in Payola. Disc jockeys appear at the hotel at odd hours. The manager knows he will be implicated if there is a scandal. His chances of election to the Rotary diminish.

continued

continued
The Parlour Pimps consolidate their hold on the top-forty charts. They launch questionable groups with clever promotions involving blimps. Major urban areas fall under the influence of their music.



At the Rotary Hall, Grushinskaya is a failure. Once again, because of her obesity, she has dropped the flaming baton. Grushinskaya's manager applauds loudly. The stagehand raises the curtain. Grushinskaya bows. Her manager shouts "Bravo!" A party of Rotarians turn in curiosity as they leave for the nominations.

The veterinarian treats the burns Grushinskaya has received from the flaming baton. He notices that her body is covered with scars. "You have dropped the baton before, I think," he ventures. Grushinskaya is silent.

The Rotarians know that Grushinskaya is staying at the Bland Hotel. How will that affect the manager's application for membership?

The Parlour Pimps flood the market with cheap North Korean goods, driving responsible local firms into bankruptcy.

Grushinskaya's managers have cut her off from Room Service. She is forced to rely on a shady chambermaid who has connections with the Parlour Pimps. The Parlour Pimps sell Grushinskaya carbohydrates and lard at exorbitant prices. They smile to think of it.

The Parlour Pimps are fond of mocking Flix Gaigern as he passes through the lobby. They make little hissing noises as he passes. Do they whisper the names of discontinued DeSotos? To Flix Gaigern it seems they are lisping the word "Fireflite" over and over in contempt.

Grushinskaya is alone in her room. She looks at the blisters the flaming baton has etched into her skin. Grushinskaya shudders. She knows she will try to smother the memory of her failure in food. Tomorrow night she will be fatter still. Tomorrow she will drop the flaming baton again. . . .

The Parlour Pimps have arranged to put a highway through the poorer sections of Joplin, Missouri. Many sound structures, including two landmarks relating to the work of Mark Twain, will be unnecessarily demolished.

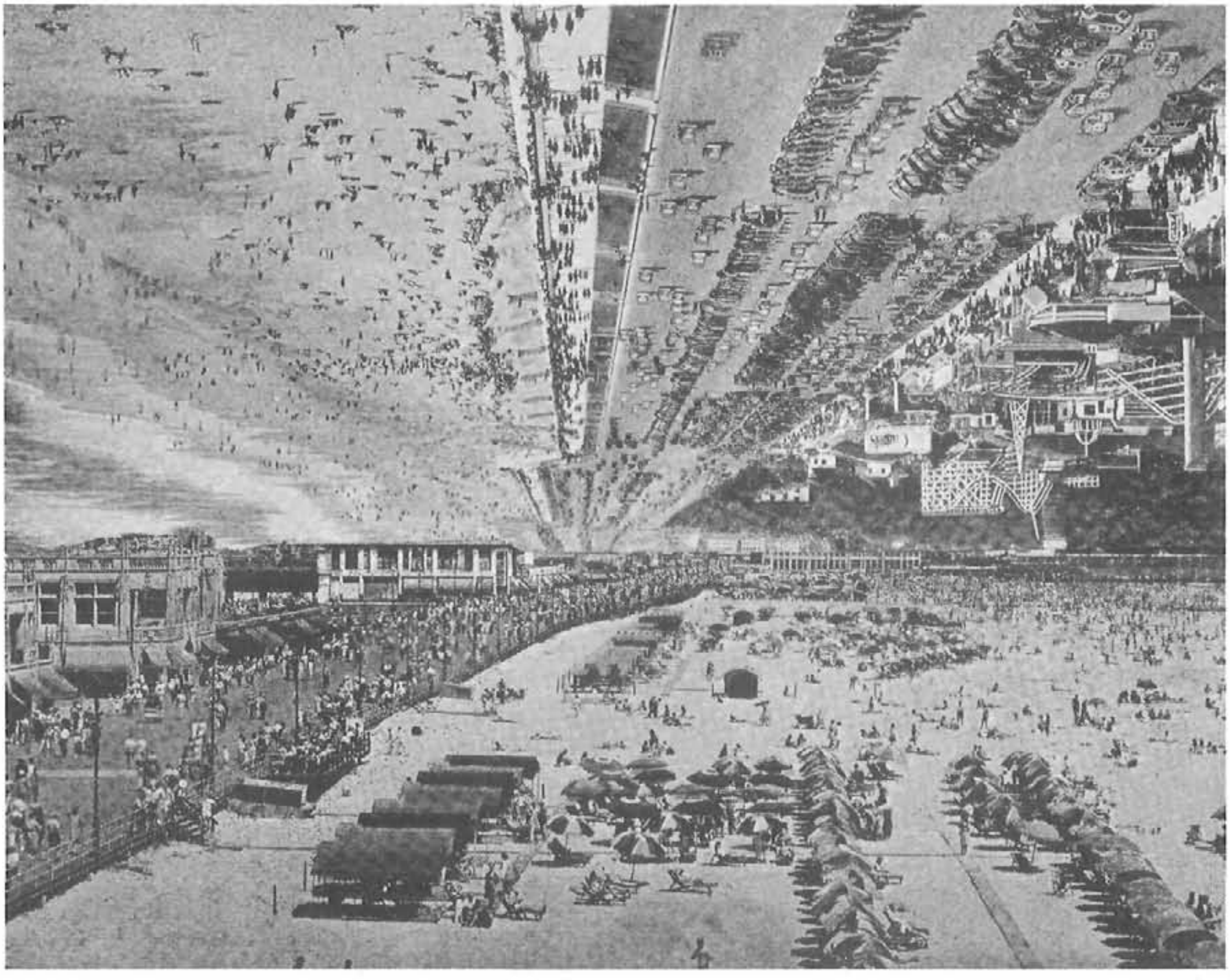
Flix Gaigern hides silently in Grushinskaya's closet. His hands clutch . . . what? The credit cards of Grushinskaya, perhaps? He is doubtless annoyed that she has returned unexpectedly. . . .

At the Rotary nominations, the manager's name is brought up. Someone mentions that the manager's mother was never allowed to attend the Junior Gaiety dances.

"*Tiens*," Grushinskaya sighs. "Did I not know it would have to come to an end?" Silently, she takes twice the recommended dosage of a leading nonprescription sleep-inducer.

Gaigern, risking arrest, reveals himself to Grushinskaya. She puts the sleep inducers aside as they embrace.

The Parlour Pimps are hissing in the lobby. The words they mutter are indistinct. Are the words "Firedome," "Firesweep," "Fireflite"? It is rumored that the Parlour Pimps have acquired control of the beachfront.

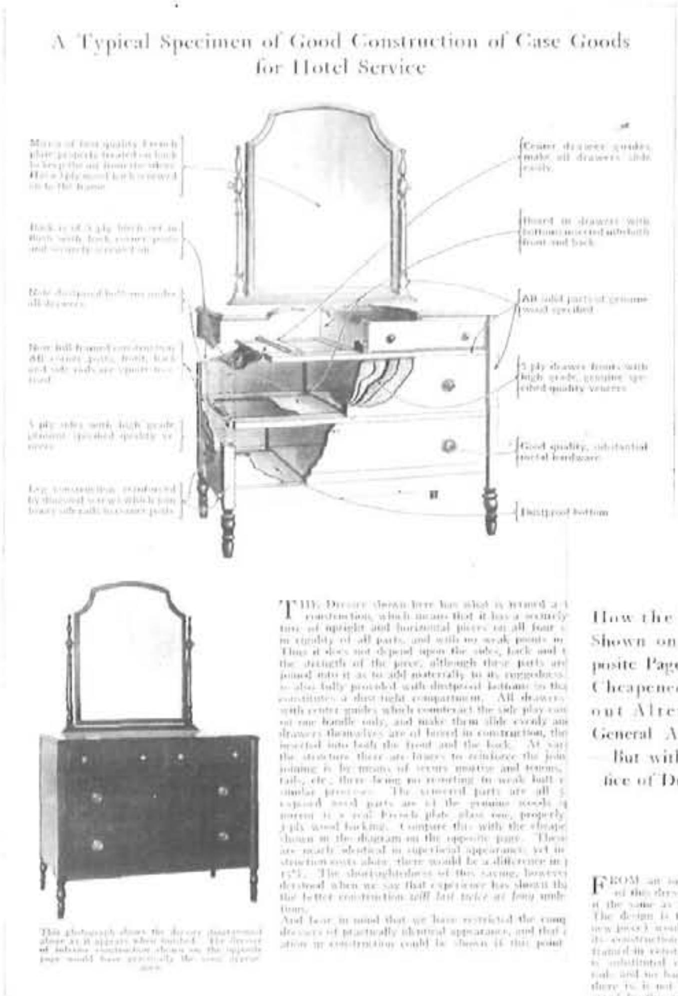


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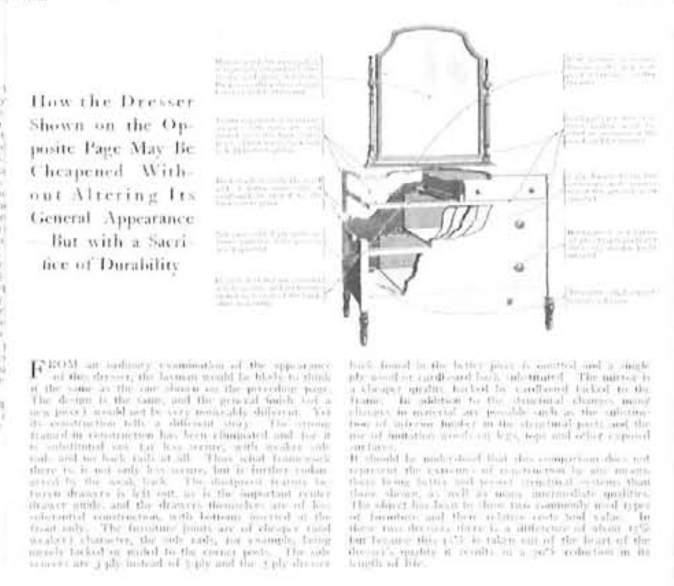
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Grushinskaya, in her happiness with Flix Gaigern, has forgotten to eat. The resulting weight-loss will enable her to catch the flaming baton tonight. She is on her way to St. Petersburg, or is it Pasadena? She is on the verge of remembering.

The Parlour Pimps demonstrate to one another how a typical specimen of good construction of case goods for Hotel Service may be cheapened without altering its general appearance but with a sacrifice of durability.



A Typical Specimen of Good Construction of Case Goods for Hotel Service



How the Dresser Shown on the Opposite Page May Be Cheapened Without Altering Its General Appearance But with a Sacrifice of Durability

Grushinskaya is leaving the Bland Hotel. Surely Gaigern will join her in St. Petersburg or Pasadena. Strangely, she pays her bill in cash. . . .

The Parlour Pimps have won another gold record. Their hissing grows louder and louder. The walls tremble with their hissing.

Once again the manager has not been elected to the Rotary. He must wait three years before he can apply again.

The Parlour Pimps have stopped hissing. Have they acquired the credit cards of Grushinskaya? Certainly Gaigern now spends much of his time in the lobby. . . . He has never been heard to mention Pasadena or St. Petersburg. . . .

The veterinarian has reason to believe that rabies will now attack the remaining features of his face.

The Parlour Pimps talk of moving to twin hotels connected by a marble subway.

"Ah," the veterinarian mutters. "The Bland Hotel. People Come. People Go. And nothing ever happens." □

Our White Heritage

by Henry Beard, Michael O'Donoghue, and George W. S. Trow

White Myths and Stereotypes

Although White people have been in America for over four hundred years, there still exists an enormous amount of misunderstanding about Whites, some of it willfully malicious, but most of it the result of a lack of proper education or just plain ignorance. Millions of otherwise good citizens regularly contribute to the atmosphere of fear, confusion, and mistrust in which Whites have to work and play by repeating racial slurs they have heard to their children or to their friends, never stopping to think of the damage they might be causing. You can do your part to dispel a lot of the misinformation that surrounds uncolored people by "debunking" these common myths whenever and wherever you hear them voiced, or by protesting strongly whenever the media or anyone in public life resorts to one of these demeaning stereotypes to describe or portray persons of Anglo-American ancestry:

Whites have "natural reason," or extra lobes in their brains, which makes them good aesthetes.

They are adult-like, brooding, and worry a great deal.

They spend all their money on stocks and bonds.

They smell good, talk too softly, and can't dance.

When they move into a neighborhood, they tear down all the bars and pool halls and put up historical societies and Christian Science Reading Rooms, and send real-estate prices sky-high.

They are sexually frigid, or "hung like hamsters."

They won't accept welfare.

They eat nothing but cantaloupe and caviar and lie around "white linening," that is, drinking vintage wine out of bottles wrapped in napkins.

They all look like Commander Whitehead or the Arrow Shirt Man, and they go around reflectively rubbing their chins and saying, "Slide rule do your stuff," or "Brain don't fail me now."

They are clean, chaste, and prudish.

You should also discourage racist humor, of which the countless series of "Standard & Poor" jokes is by far the most common example. One sample of these demeaning and racially insulting jokes should be a sufficient illustration of their tastelessness:



STANDARD: Say, Mr. Poor, I'm so rich, I just bought my dog a little boy.

POOR: That's nothing, Mr. Standard. Why, I'm so rich, I don't have my Bentleys air-conditioned. I just keep a dozen cold ones in the freezer.

Are Jews White People?

Technically, yes, but..................

continued

continued

Whites in America

The first White person to hold elective office in America was William Bradford, who served as governor of Plymouth Colony from 1621 to 1632.

A mere few years later, in 1634, the first White Studies program was inaugurated at the College of William & Mary in Williamsburg, Va. The curriculum consisted of a number of courses in White culture, including mathematics, geography, geometry, rhetoric, political economy, the sciences, Latin, Greek, theology, oratory, composition, medicine, and law.

With the ratification of the Articles of Confederation in 1781, Whites gained their basic rights.

Among the many all-White military units that distinguished themselves in battle in the course of the Civil War were the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia.

Throughout the Civil War thousands of White people fled north on the Overground Railroad thanks to the courage and selfless dedication of countless engineers, conductors, and brakemen of, among others, the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Norfolk & Western, and the Alabama & Northern railroads.

Although many came to America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the largest influx of uncolored people occurred in the latter part of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, when hundreds of thousands of whites traveled to these shores in giant steamships, often undergoing a considerable amount of unpleasantness along the way, while shipping-line owners made a tidy sum on their "human cargo." Packed in groups of two and even three, in stuffy cabins with difficult-to-open portholes or, for the unlucky passengers with inside cabins, no portholes at all, these White people suffered from seasickness, nasty tumbles on the promenade deck, boring table companions, rude stewards, inconveniently timed lifeboat drills, and poor deck-chair assignments, to name just a few of the many hardships.

Ernest Hemingway



In the 1930s noted author and literary figure Ernest Hemingway led a back-to-Europe movement, which at its height saw thousands of White persons return to the continent of their origin to renew their ties with the peoples whose racial ancestry they shared. But in all too many cases, after a century or more of separation, the gap proved too great to bridge, and after finding difficulties adjusting to new languages, different money, and a foreign measurement system, or disgusted by the lack of central heating, telephone service, and indoor plumbing, most came back to America.

Ralph Bunche, the first American citizen to hold high office at the United Nations, had "a touch of the old whitewash."

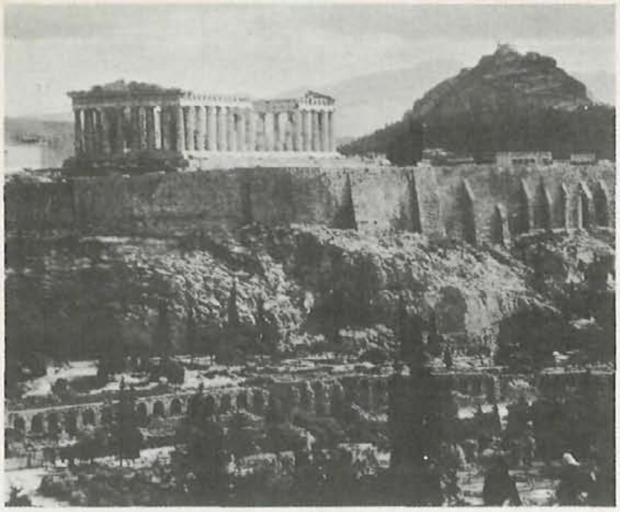
Clothes Make "The Man" (and "The Woman")!

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Sveinbjörn of Dover, Delaware, proudly don native White dress as part of recent White Awareness Millennium festivities. He sports full Viking regalia while she wears the colorful peasant garb of Holland, complete with wooden shoes, the traditional teased and feathered Anglo hairdo, and a fetching wrist corsage.



Our White Cultural Heritage

Archaeologists have long believed that Whites had developed a rich, flourishing civilization in the Mediterranean Basin area, possibly as early as 2,500 B.C., and from time to time over the last several centuries a number of important artifacts that tend to support this theory have come to light in Greece, Italy, Egypt, Crete, Southern France, Spain, and North Africa. It is now generally accepted that by the time of the birth of Christ (who was, Himself, technically a White man) Whites did in fact possess at least the rudiments of a culture, and ethnic historians who hold this view point to such varied artistic accomplishments of that era as the *Iliad*, Plato's *Republic*, the plays of Sophocles, the poems of Horace, the Venus de Milo, and Euclidean geometry as further proof of their hypothesis.



The Acropolis, considered by many to be strong evidence of the existence of a White civilization in Europe in ancient times.

Portraits in White

Throughout history, Whites have played an important, even deciding, role in the events that have shaped mankind. The list of White achievers is a lengthy and distinguished one, and "calling the roll" of these giants of the uncolored world would take a long, long time indeed (according to Dr. Livingston Wingate of the White Studies department at Tulane, if twenty persons each read the name of one White achiever every three seconds, twenty-four hours a day, it would take 114 years!), so here is just a sample to give some feeling of the depth and diversity of the White experience:

All of the participants in the Thirty Years' War were Whites.

Emperor Charles IX of Sweden was a White man.

Cardinal Lanfranc was uncolored.

The population of Bruges, noted center of Flemish culture, was in former times, and remains today, entirely White.

The famous composer and organist Dietrich Buxtehude was a White man.

Gouverneur Morris, one of the original signers of the Constitution, was of Anglo-American ancestry.

Emile Durkheim was a White man.

Both of the pretenders to the Hapsburg throne in the War of the Spanish Succession were White men.

Lake Meade is named after Gen. George Meade, a White man.

Xenophon was White, as were all of his Ten Thousand.

Spinoza was, technically speaking, a White man.

Talking White

A number of White expressions have become a part of our language—in fact, the noted semanticists and ethnologists Merriam, Webster, and Roget collected more than 140,000 such usages! Here is just one that illustrates the extent to which White words have enriched our daily speech:

I am	We are
You are	You are
He, she, it is	They are

Some of the many White terms that have become household words:

"some"	"that"
"of"	"have"
"the"	"become"
"many"	"household"
"White"	"words"
"terms"	

In addition, a wealth of White slang has found its way into our native tongue. Some instances of this trend:

Angstrom—a measurement of light-wave length equal to one ten-thousandth of a micron

Tort—any wrongful act not involving a breach of contract for which a civil action will lie

Debenture—any of various instruments, either secured or unsecured, issued by a corporation as an evidence of debt

Erg—a unit of energy expressing the work done by one dyne acting through a distance of one centimeter

Oxymoron—a combination for epigrammatic effect of contradictory or incongruous words

Metope—the space between two triglyphs of the Doric frieze

Chiasmatypy—the supposed spiral twisting of homologus chromosomes about each other during parasynapsis

Appoggiatura—an accessory tone preceding an essential tone as an embellishment of melody

Teleost—a fish of the group Teleostei, the bony fishes, as distinguished from the ganoids, dipnoans, and elasmobranchs

Futtock—one of the crooked timbers scarfed together to form part of the compound rib of a vessel

Syzygy—the point in its orbit at which a planet is in conjunction or opposition

General Meade



Baruch Spinoza



Charles IX



Gouverneur Morris



Downtown Bruges



Xenophon



continued

Spotlight on White Music

"Although it takes both white keys and black keys to play a tune on the piano, the vast majority of tunes are played, for the most part, on the white keys."

Centuries ago, one had to frequent remote concert halls to hear White Music, but today one can't step into an elevator or wait in an air terminal without sampling a White Music medley that usually includes at least one of the following: "Thumbelina," "The Petticoats of Portugal," "The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane," "Holiday for Strings," or "The Pizzicato Polka." This "pop" music originated in the prep schools of Connecticut and came down the Merritt Parkway to Tin Pan Alley, where, quick to grasp its potential, such capable performers as Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians and "The Singing Rage," Miss Patti Page, soon had Caucasians all over the country two- (or "box") stepping to these memorable melodies. Of course, much of the credit for the advancement of White Music must go to Arthur Fiedler, who, in any given concert, spans the White Musical experience by performing both light classics (i.e., "The Typewriter Song") and serious works (i.e., "The Grand Canyon Suite") alike.



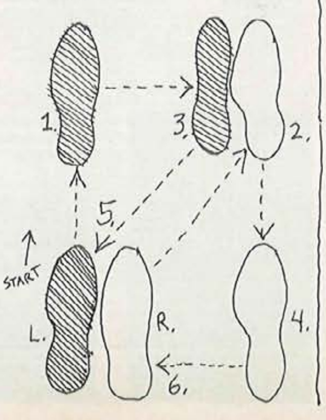
Arthur Fiedler receives polite applause from enthralled Australian concert-goers.

White Dancing

No one is more interested in "cutting a rug" than the Anglo-American, as evidenced by the disproportionately high number of Whites among those who take dance lessons. Here, under qualified instructors, they learn everything from the waltz to the bunny hop, including the most popular of all the White-oriented dances, the two- (or "box") step.

Tripping the White Fantastic:

The Two- (or "Box") Step



A Hoofing Hint from qualified instructress Kathryn Murray:

"Although it may be difficult for the first few months, the novice should try to avoid counting the numbers out loud or even moving his lips."

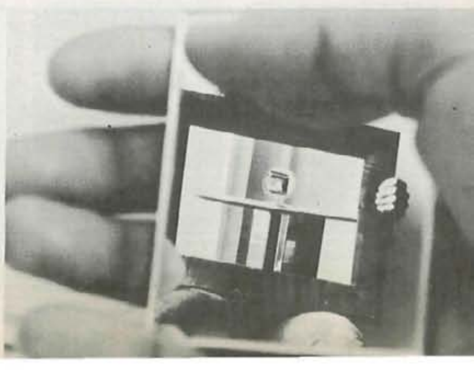
Focus on the First World

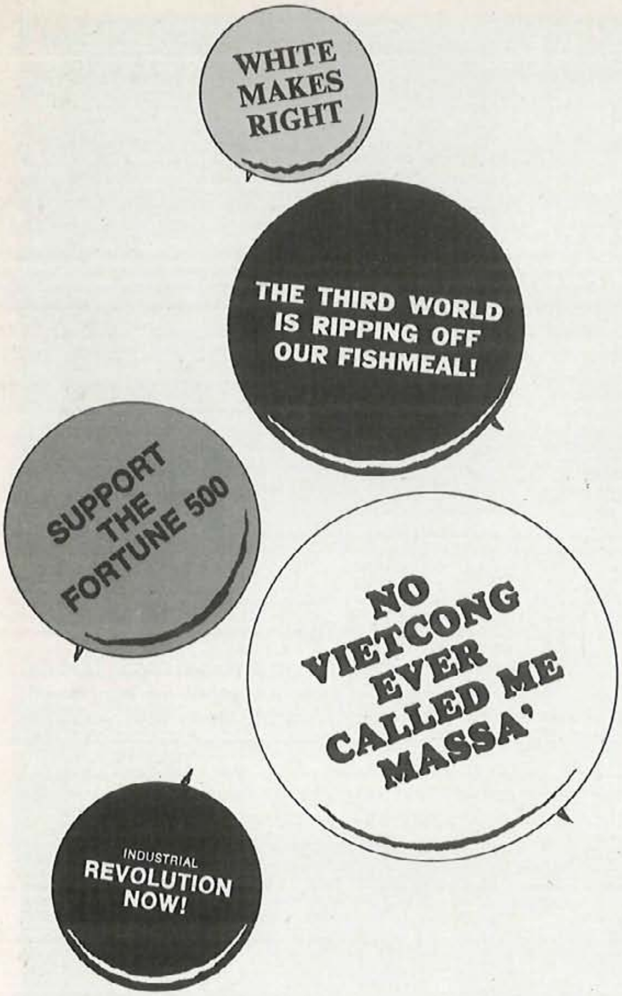
In an effort to achieve greater White Solidarity, representatives of the First World countries meet regularly in a number of forums, including the International Monetary Fund, NATO, and the Council of Ten, to give voice to the legitimate needs and aspirations of the Australian, North American, and European peoples and to gain international support for these basic First World demands:

- Protection of overseas investments from illegal seizure without just compensation
- Speedy repayment of development loans
- Allotment of votes in the United Nations based on member states' contributions to the U.N. budget
- Recognition of the use of force as the primary means of settling disputes between nations
- Noninterference with military interventions in First World spheres of influence
- An end to exorbitant "blackmailing" of First World countries in the sale of oil and the use of territory for air and naval bases
- Unhindered access to worldwide natural resources for responsible consortiums
- Acknowledgment of the fundamental right to rule for white minorities
- Acceptance of the First World nuclear-weapons hegemony as the soundest basis for a stable world order
- Immediate payment of reparations for the religions, moral codes, and languages; the educational, legal, and governmental systems; the traditions of hard work and fair play; and the centuries of efficient rule provided to former colonial possessions for free by First World countries
- Universal adherence to the principle of narrow self-interest in the conduct of international affairs.

Concepts in White

cardigan sweaters
drop-leaf tables
marmalade
the National Guard
tax loss
rug pads
salad plates
Ilka Chase
rondos
penicillin
Seattle
between-meal snacks
parallel parking
Chartres
The Bell Telephone Hour
sculling
curling
footnotes
quality control
percale
penology
Martin Chuzzlewit
wine-tasting parties
Manifest Destiny
matched luggage
the Doublemint Twins
melody
Forbes magazine
polite applause
scientific method
Danskware
Wedgewood
conference calls
William Rose Benét
Wyoming
Velveeta
dermatology
explorers
well-balanced meals
Swedish Tanning Secret





White Pride

What you can do to further the cause of White Pride in your community:

Join with other uncolored people in planning and participating in activities as part of the Fifth White Awareness Millennium (A.D. 1,000–2,000).

Observe such White holidays as Arbor Day, Independence Day, and George Washington's birthday.

Insist on the display of White symbols, such as the American flag; busts of Shakespeare, Descartes, and Plato; and quotes from Ralph Waldo Emerson in schools and other public buildings.

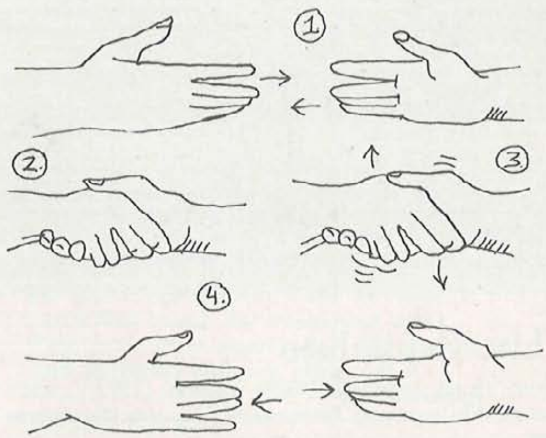
See to it that your local school provides your younger children with reading texts that contain depictions of farm animals, pastures, suburban life, and other scenes they can relate to, and make sure that American History courses stress important events in White history like the discovery of the New World, the American Revolution, the Louisiana Purchase, and World War I.

Plan a White meal for your family. (Places specializing in White foods are easy to find: just look in the Yellow Pages under "Supermarkets" or, if you prefer to eat out, under "Restaurants.")

Arrange a neighborhood Scrabble tournament.

The White Handshake

1. Reach forward and grasp the proffered hand.
2. Apply pressure in a "manly" fashion. (Note: Although less pressure is required of women, the handshake should never be limp or "cold fish.")
3. Move the joined hands firmly up and down.
4. Release the hand.



WHITE LINE.....CARL GRIFFITH OF RAHWAY, N.J., A WHITE MAN, HAS BEEN PROMOTED TO THE POSITION OF ASSISTANT MANAGER IN CHARGE OF QUALITY CONTROL FOR THE BRUNSWICK CORPORATION, A WHITE-OWNED COMPANY. THE THIRTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD MR. GRIFFITH WAS FORMERLY A MARKET FEASIBILITY RESEARCHER.

Concepts in White

overhead
Fabian Bachrach
Early American furniture
Scotchgard
duck presses
file cards
summa cum laude
city managers
the use of perspective in painting
written language
Thorstein Veblen
storm windows
philosophy
Boston lettuce
Margaret Whiting
tulips
Shaker Heights
heraldry

White Pride

A number of organizations, foundations, and other groups are dedicated to the advancement and betterment of uncolored people. This is only a partial list:

The Standing Committee of the General Agreement on Trades and Tariffs (GATT)
The Republican Party
The Knights of Columbus
The State of Louisiana
The Fraternal Order of Moose
The AFL-CIO
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
The United States Navy
The American Medical Association
The Supreme Court of the United States (since 1972)
The construction industry
Australia

Did you know that both the Dewey Decimal System *and* the Cutter Classification System were developed by White people?

continued

continued

White Capitalism

If you, as an Involved White Person (IWP), wish to support White-owned businesses, here are the names of a few:

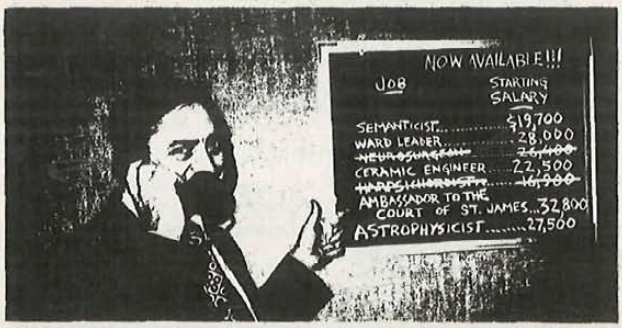
General Motors
Standard Oil of New Jersey
U.S. Steel
Crown Zellerbach
Borden
Union Carbide
RCA
General Electric
Procter & Gamble
Eastman Kodak
Monsanto Chemical
National Biscuit
IBM
Kennecott Copper
B. F. Goodrich
Continental Can
Du Pont

For the names of other White-owned (and often, operated!) businesses in your community, contact your local chamber of commerce or write the National Association of Manufacturers, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Did you know that, although George Washington Carver discovered many uses for the peanut, White people own *all* of the major peanut-butter companies?

The White Job Corps

Corps head Clifford Baumann warns applicants, "Just because you're White, don't expect to walk in here and start pulling down fifty thou a year. Be prepared to tighten your purse strings for two or three years and squeak along on a meager twenty or thirty grand per until you move up to a comfortable income."



Did you know that the first white man in organized baseball was Abner Doubleday?

White Martial Arts

Whites are no "slouches" when it comes to the Martial Arts, and as far as many forms of combat are concerned, Whites "wrote the book." Among these are: enfilade, defilade, and search-and-traverse machine-gun-firing techniques; saturation bombing; toxic-gas deployment; armored assault tactics; amphibious landings; naval battle formations and submarine warfare; and atomic war.



A pair of Whites go through a "simulated countdown" exercise, one of the complex, almost ballet-like moves involved in achieving a state of "readiness" for the launching of an ICBM, an integral part of the White art of thermonuclear warfare.

The Wonderful Wide World of White Sports



Stamina, a sense of determination, and intellectual agility are a must in this no-holds-barred Scrabble contest. Here, North, playing off an existing *o* and *y*, forms the word *oxymorons*, scoring, with a Double Letter square and a Double Word square, 38 points plus an additional 50-point premium for playing all seven of his tiles, for a total of 88 points.

The White Arts

Whites have nothing to be ashamed of when it comes to the Arts. They have made significant contributions in just about every area of artistic endeavor, including, in the field of literature: the epic, lyric poetry, tragedy, comedy, the essay, and the novel; in the field of music: the symphony, the concerto, the fugue, rondos, operas, masses, quartets, motets, counterpoint, orchestration, and melody; in the field of architecture: the arch, the flying buttress, the cantilever, geodesics, and the Gothic, Romanesque, Baroque, Palladian, and Bauhaus styles; in the field of painting: chiarascuro, perspective, composition, tempera, portraiture, and the fresco; in the field of photography: photography; and in the field of movies: movies.



Souvenir de Mortefontaine *by Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, the renowned White post-Romantic painter*

In addition, there are a number of White folk arts of which uncolored people may feel justly proud. Among the better-known products of this tradition are Chippendale furniture, Gobelin tapestries, Meissen porcelain, Georgian silver, Delft faience, stained glass, and illuminated manuscripts.



An attractive and useful object typical of the White folk-art tradition.

WHITE LINE. . . . . AN ALL-WHITE PRODUCTION OF *ANDROCLES AND THE LION* WAS RECENTLY STAGED AT HOBART COLLEGE.

Did you know that Alexander Dumas, author of the adventure classic *The Three Musketeers*, was part White?

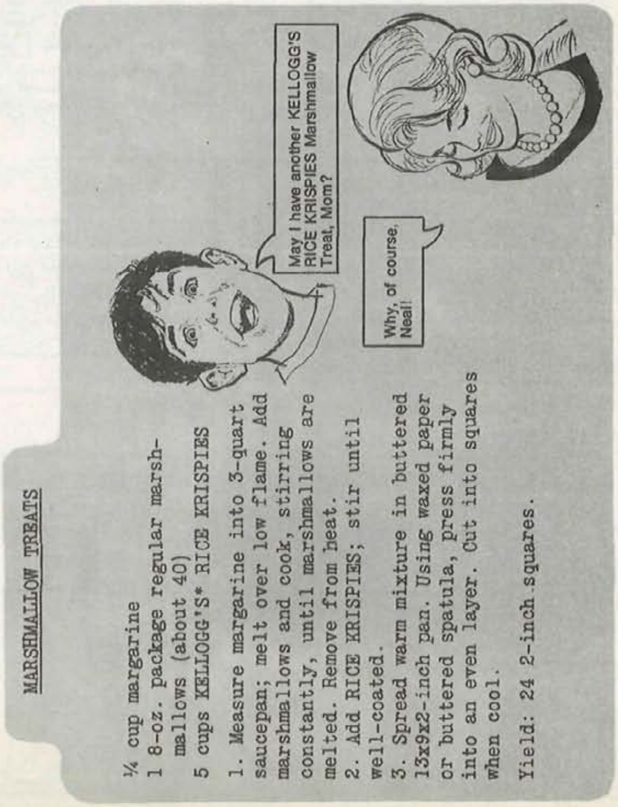
Angry White Poet Alexander Pope in Praise of Anarchy:



"Lo! thy dread empire Chaos! is restor'd:
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all."
—The *Dunciad*

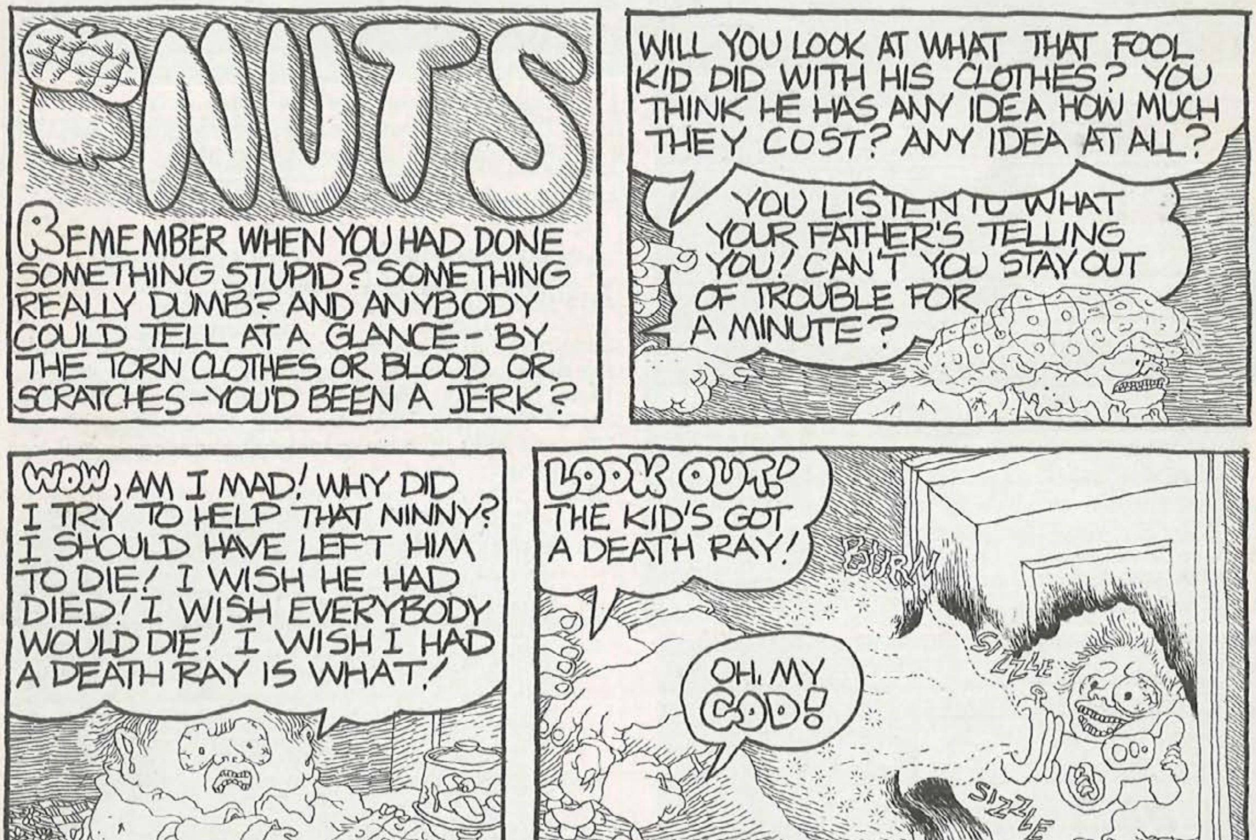
Accent on the Involved White Woman

Says Involved White Woman Happy Rockefeller, "Nothing more perfectly complements a meal of Cheez Whiz, Roast 'n Boast, Cool Whip, Diet Cola, and Hawaiian Skillet than these taste-tempting *Marshmallow Treats*! Why not whip up a batch tonight? Your family will love you for it!"



*Another White-owned company!


FUNNY PAGES


NUTS
REMEMBER WHEN YOU HAD DONE SOMETHING STUPID? SOMETHING REALLY DUMB? AND ANYBODY COULD TELL AT A GLANCE–BY THE TORN CLOTHES OR BLOOD OR SCRATCHES–YOU'D BEEN A JERK?
WILL YOU LOOK AT WHAT THAT FOOL KID DID WITH HIS CLOTHES? YOU THINK HE HAS ANY IDEA HOW MUCH THEY COST? ANY IDEA AT ALL?
YOU LISTEN TO WHAT YOUR FATHER'S TELLING YOU! CAN'T YOU STAY OUT OF TROUBLE FOR A MINUTE?
WOW, AM I MAD! WHY DID I TRY TO HELP THAT NINNY? I SHOULD HAVE LEFT HIM TO DIE! I WISH HE HAD DIED! I WISH EVERYBODY WOULD DIE! I WISH I HAD A DEATH RAY IS WHAT!
LOOK OUT! THE KID'S GOT A DEATH RAY!
BURN
SIZZLE
OH, MY GOD!
SIZZLE
GAAAAK
ARRRG
BOY! HAVE I GOT A VIVID IMAGINATION!
Gahan Wilson
NEXT MONTH: "THE HOMO"

14 reasons why you should read INTELLECTUAL DIGEST

1. **A report on the most implausible war correspondent in history—the pacifist George Bernard Shaw in Belgium during World War I.** (Journey To Heartbreak)

2. **The discovery by a geologist that the South Pole was once in the Sahara Desert.** (Natural History)

3. **An English scholar disposes of the "real" Christ and says that the Church created Him and "has invented ever new Christs for every new age."** (Spectator)

4. **A first-hand report from Joseph Heller on the long-awaited successor to *Catch-22*, in ID's unique feature "Work In Progress."**

5. **A lawyer-penologist talks about what will have to replace our disastrous prison system.** (After Conviction: A New Review of the American Correction System)

6. **Robert Craft's moving journal of the death of his friend and master, Igor Stravinsky.** (N.Y. Review of Books)

7. **Why is Frantz Fanon, a black prophet who died 10 years ago, a key to the Black Power movement in the U.S.?** (Saturday Review)

8. **Where in the whole world can you find the best example of the theory and practice of No-Work?** (Hudson Review)

9. **Gore Vidal attacks the fallacy of the male imperative and asks why the male ego can't accept the female challenge to its dominance.** (N.Y. Review of Books)

10. **In "The Souring of George Sauer" the ex-N.Y. Jets star offers some unexpected thoughts on aggression and authoritarianism in football.** (Institute for the Study of Sport and Society)

11. **A California psychologist bucks the tide and speaks up for the benefits of poor communication.** (Psychoanalytic Review)

12. **How to tackle a disease with all the weapons of science, and find that success may bring a whole new set of problems.** (Smithsonian)

13. **Arnold Toynbee looks at man's development for an answer to today's question: Is Religion Superfluous?** (Surviving the Future)

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Many articles are published in full. And when we do "digest," we do so only by editing in collaboration with the author. Thus the integrity – even the complexity – of the original is retained.

In addition, three newsletters in each issue keep you up to the minute on the major disciplines of the social sciences, sciences and arts. Outstanding non-fiction books are excerpted, too – many before publication. (A few recent examples: Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics*, Charles E. Silberman's *Crisis in the Classroom*, Paul Goodman's *New Reformation: Notes of a Neolithic Conservative*.)

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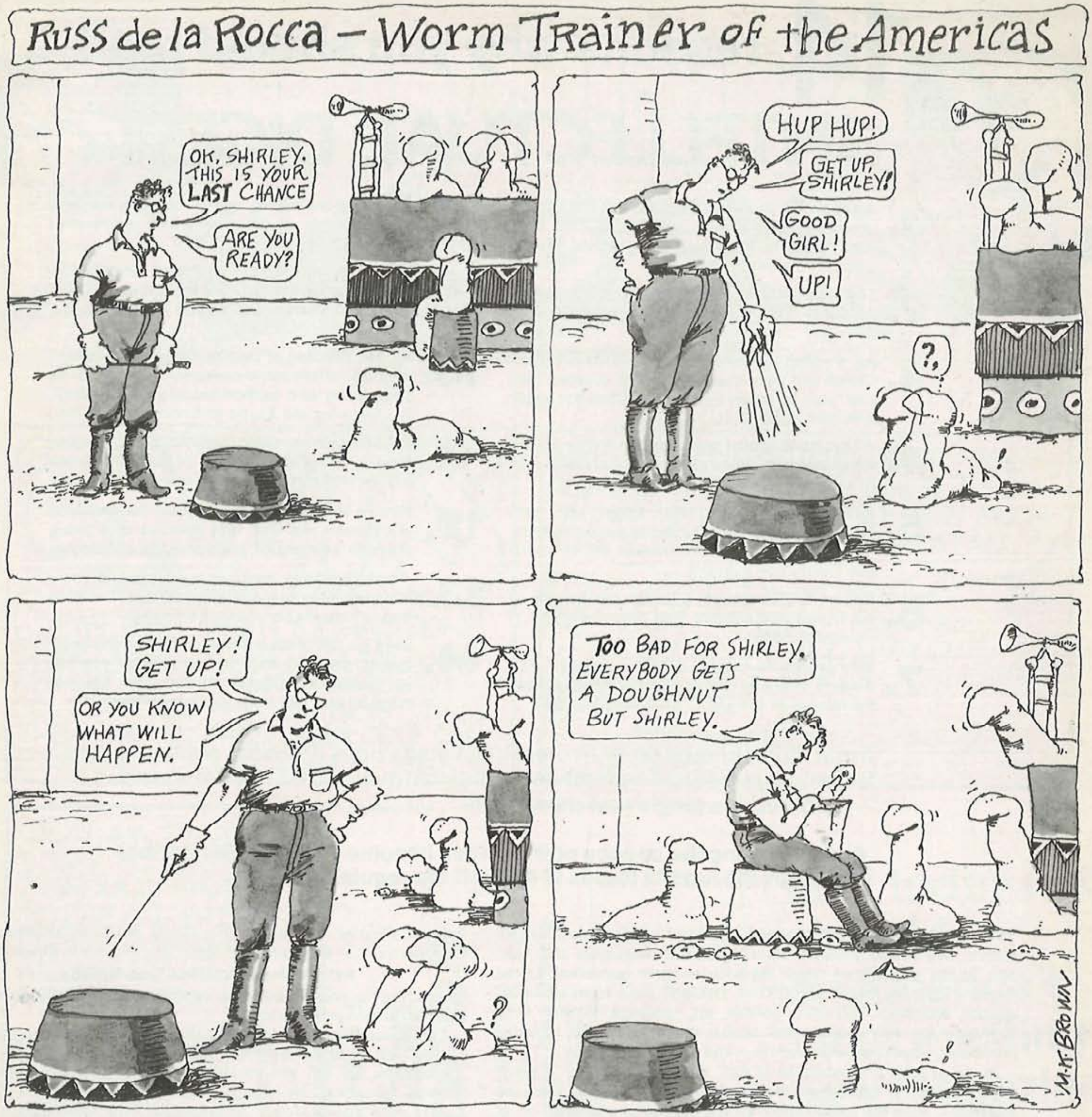
☐ $6 enclosed ☐ Bill me

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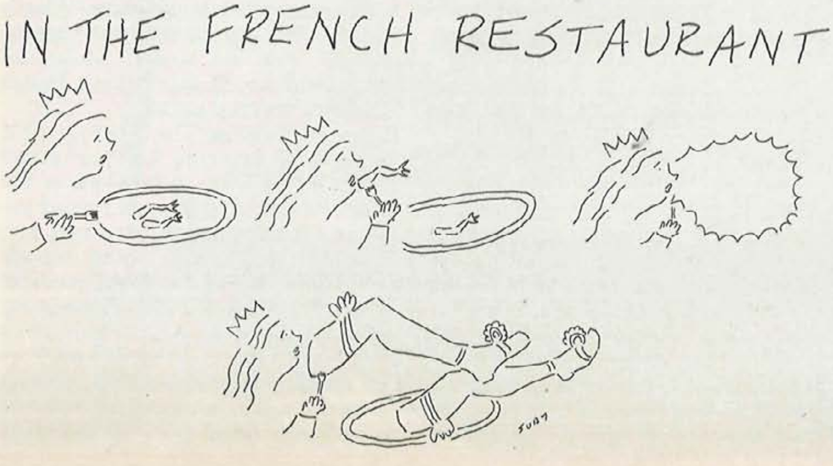
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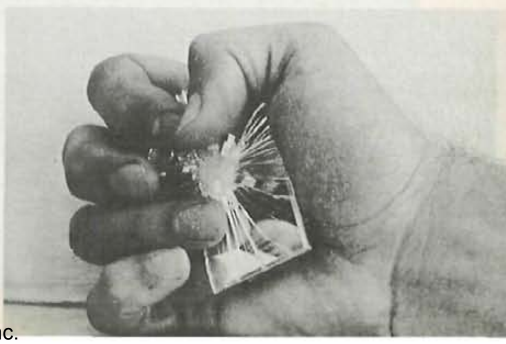
Add 50¢ for Canada and $2 for Foreign. (Cash only) 6446

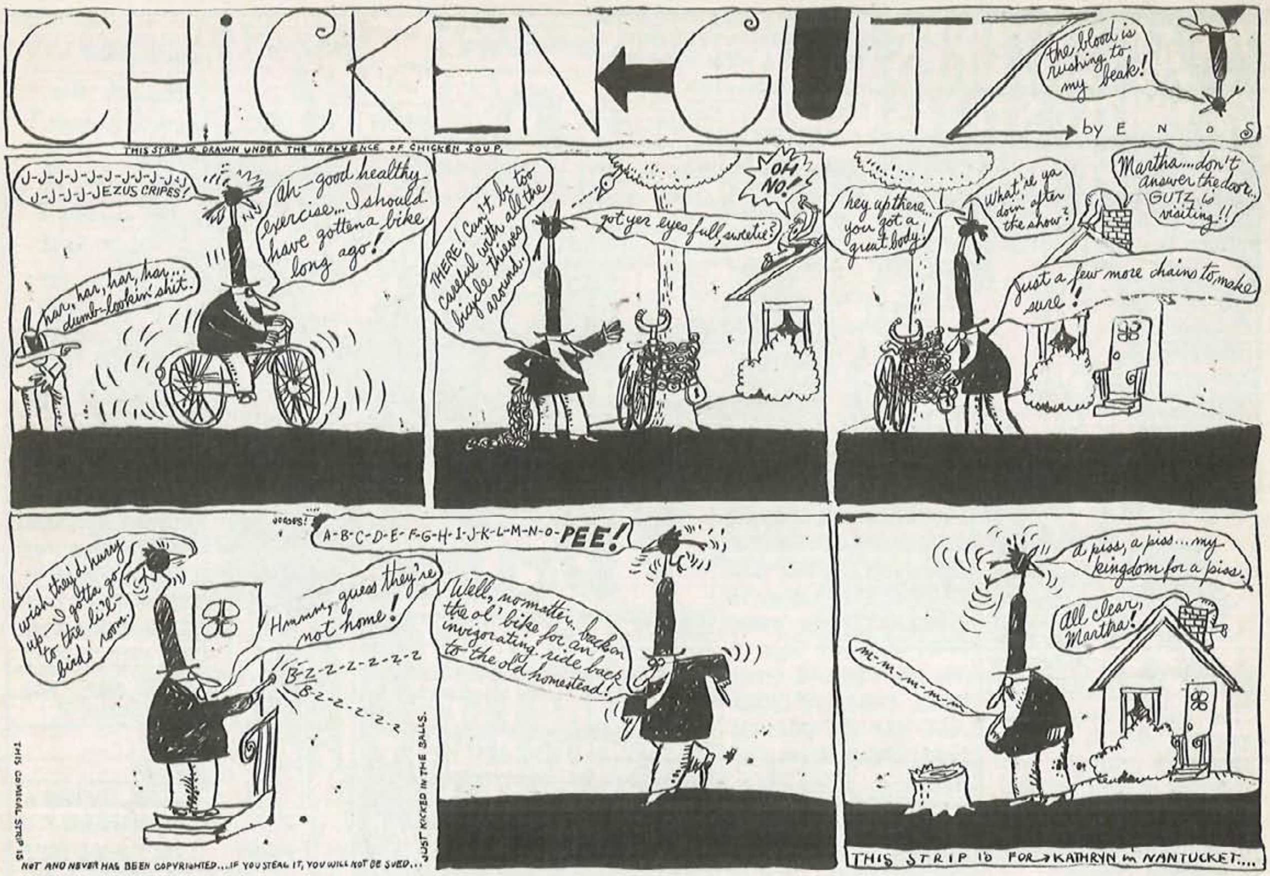

Russ de la Rocca – Worm Trainer of the Americas
OK, SHIRLEY. THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE
ARE YOU READY?
HUP HUP!
GET UP, SHIRLEY!
GOOD GIRL!
UP!
?
SHIRLEY! GET UP!
OR YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN.
?
TOO BAD FOR SHIRLEY. EVERYBODY GETS A DOUGHNUT BUT SHIRLEY.
!
M.K. BROWN


HEY! HOW COME YOU ONLY GOT FOUR TOES INSTEAD OF MORE TOES LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE?
I WAS BORN DURING AN INK SHORTAGE.


THE ADVENTURES OF THE UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU
STARRING
WALTER T. ECCLESTON
MR. ECCLESTON, SPOKANE REPORTS A HIGH PRESSURE MOVING DOWN FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA...
THANK YOU, PHILLIP. ANY NEWS ON THAT CLOUD COVER OVER CENTRAL ILLINOIS?
NOTHING YET...
WOULD YOU CHECK TELETYPE AGAIN ON THAT, PLEASE?
dear editor:
I thought this "Weather Bureau" thing was very funny, but I really couldn't top that last line where he says to check "TELETYPE AGAIN." How about the WOPS? I'll try it. best, rodriguez
MAFIA TALES
Chapter 1
UMBERTO CANOLLI AND THE ARBOR DAY MASSACRE!
The inside story of how reputed MAFIA leader UMBERTO CANOLLI put down an attempt by rival forces to seize his control of NEW YORK and NEW JERSEY organized crime...
SECAUCUS, NEW JERSEY, NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1965– 14 MEN AND 62 GIRLS ARE QUIETLY OBSERVING THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW YEAR AT THE HOME OF UMBERTO CANOLLI. CANOLLI'S HAND IS ON THE UPPER THIGH OF ONE DORIS WHELAN. GUIDO BONO, CANOLLI'S CHIEF AIDE HAS HIS HAND ON DORIS WHELAN'S OTHER THIGH...... note: artist's just received phone call, cannot continue story
VD CLINIC
POIGNANT VIGNETTES OF SOULS CAUGHT UP IN THIS PANDEMIC SCOURGE
VD CLINIC
NO, SHEEP ARE NOT CARRIERS - THERE'S ONLY ONE PERIPHERAL RISK - THE BOOTS YOU USE CAN CAUSE A HELL OF A BAD CASE OF ATHLETE'S FOOT. SAY, AREN'T YOU A LITTLE SHORT FOR A BASQUE?
YES, I DO HAVE A COMPLEX ABOUT IT, BUT MY STAFF COMFORTS ME.
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
WELL, IT'S STRANGE I KNOW, BUT YESTERDAY I SAW THIS CHICK, SEE. SHE WAS SHORT AND HAD REAL BIG KNOCKERS, LONG BLACK HAIR, AND SHE WORE BIG RED CERAMIC EARRINGS. I WAS NEVER SO HORNY IN ALL MY LIFE. ALL DAY I MADE UP THESE SEXUAL FANTASIES OF WHAT I'D DO TO HER.... THEN LAST NIGHT I DREAMT ABOUT HER. I WAS REALLY BALLING HER LIKE CRAZY! IT WAS BEAUTIFUL! THEN I HAVE THIS NOCTURNAL EMISSION, YOU KNOW, A WET DREAM....
TAKE THIS SLIP TO ROOM 311 - THE GIRL YOU DESCRIBED IS CHERYL ROSSITTER. SHE'S A CARRIER! YOU GOT IT! NEXT!
...OH YEAH, YOU WERE IN HERE LAST WEEK FOR A WASSERMAN. YOU'RE CLEAN! HOWEVER, WE DID FIND THAT YOU HAVE SICKLE-CELL ANEMIA!
RIGHT ON!
NEXT MONTH
EVEN BETTER STUFF!
MAYBE EVEN A LITTLE OF THIS??


IN THE FRENCH RESTAURANT





COMING NEXT MONTH

Those Fabulous Sixties

Now that the Moon has moved into the eighth house and Jupiter and Mars are hardly even speaking to each other, it's time we took those wilted flowers out of our thinning hair and looked back over those wonderful years, 1960–1970, the decade during which an entire generation neglected to grow up.

In addition to a half-page anthology of the best in graphic art and literature produced by drug-heightened consciousness, we'll take you aboard our Magic Bus for a nostalgic sightseeing tour of flower power's finest hours . . . Watts, Dallas, Columbia, Chicago . . .

. . . from Camelot to My Lai, from Berkeley to Altamont, with a stash in our bellbottoms and American pie all over our faces.

It's greening faster, Professor Reich, and it looks like we'll have to amputate.

Our thrill-packed instant replay includes such eco-catastrophes as:

Zimmer Man Comics/It's the Byrds . . . it's the Airplane . . . it's Zimmer Man! Who would have guessed that the sensitive folk-rock singer was just a secret identity for the straightest hero of them all, capable of buying tall buildings with a single bond?

Bum Deal Game/Everything you need to play. Uppers, downers, and psychedelics. Swap 'em and drop 'em. Smash your opponents' chromasomes. Last one to OD wins. Fun for the whole Family, says Charlie Manson.

Archie and Junkhead Comics/Follow those clean-cut teeners from Main Street to skid, death, cannery, and desolation row.

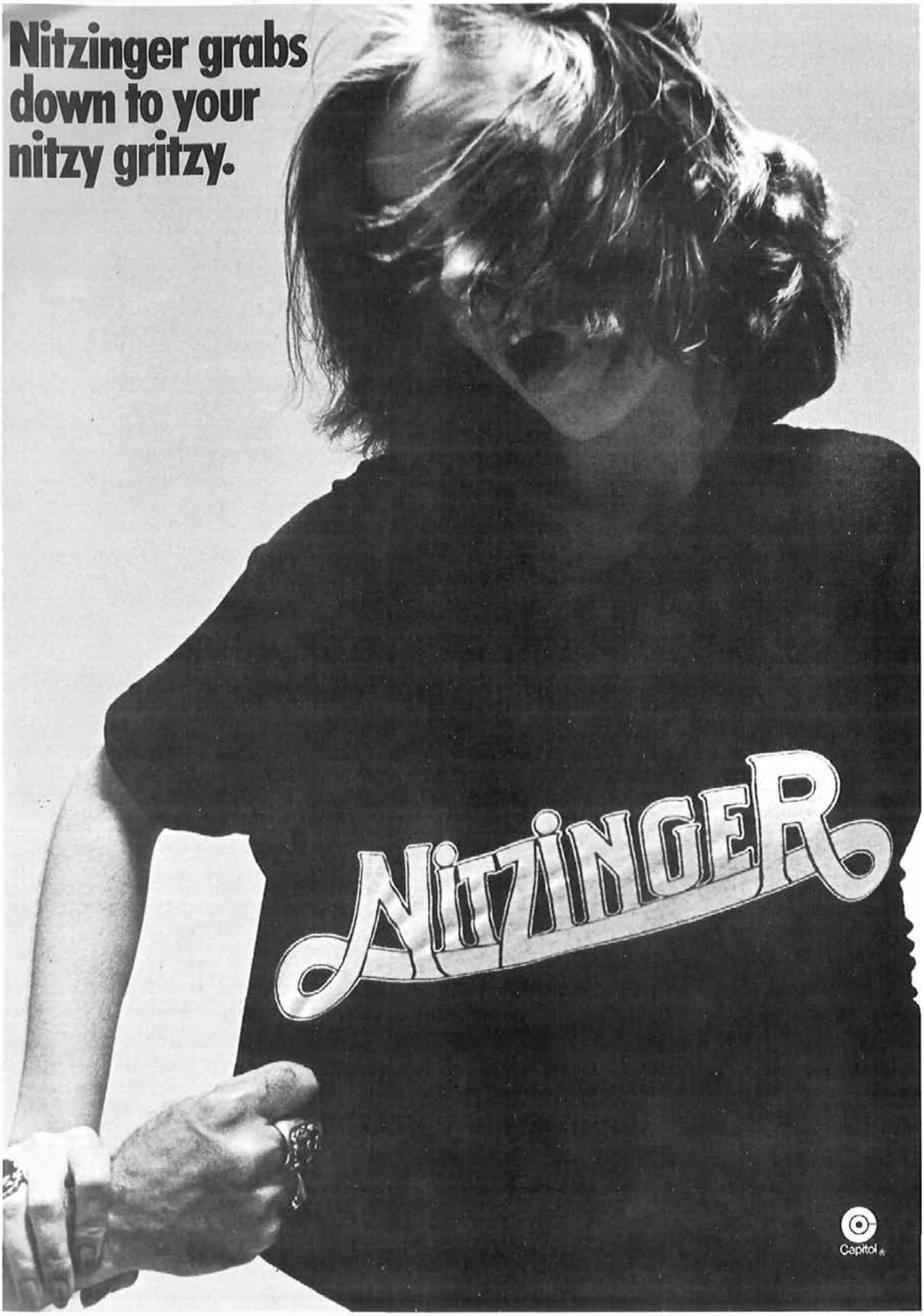
Rim Shot/The long-suppressed Rolling Stones album. It's violent, it's diabolical, it's anal-aggressive. When Mick and the boys let it all droop out, your homeroom teacher will be shocked, probably. Lyrics complete and uncensored, by the group that has been called "the greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world" and "those little twerps."

A Treasury of Sixties Humor/What's black on the top, blue on the bottom, and all over the beach? Moby Oil Slick. And would you believe Polish Elephant windup dolls?

Bores of Britain/The photographic portfolio of swinging London to end them all. We hope. A last look at the underdeveloped and overexposed cuties of Carnaby Street. Bye bye, luv.

Plus: Op, pop, moon shots, topless everything, Killer Joe Piro, geodesic everything else, and such flagrant examples of over-the-counter culture as Foto Funnies, Humorrhoids, and, if we can find anybody masochistic enough to read it again, a parody of *Stranger in a Strange Land*. □




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